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man revealed

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JULY 7, 1980

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## THE MERCHANTS OF VENICE

LOOKING AHEAD FROM THE SUMMIT







# The name's the same . . . but the face?

By David Thomas

In semi-rural villages of French-speaking Africa, nationalists still indulge the superstition by choosing names for their newborn from Christian calendars printed in Paris. That's fine for babies with the fortune to be born on the days of Saints Francis or Joseph, but those unluckily delivered on a Friday the 13th Baptiste Day can end up with the unpleasant moniker *Père satanique*. In Quebec, too, *Père satanique* has become a inappropriate name. The old Jean-Baptiste-Jean-Baptiste celebrations have been officially expanded to their religious significance by the Parti Québécois government. The rig mortared it and expected the day to become an annual occasion of nationalism. Instead, this year's "national holiday" of a people who had just refused nationalism was more like an ashamed admission of impotence than anything like a society that for so long was attached to one vision or another of collective purpose is now without any vision at all.

Most levels of post-referendum Quebec society seem stricken with confusion over purpose, from the politicians who are shifting alliances faster than water-skiers, to the Roman Catholic Church, whose Archbishop of Montreal, Paul Goggin, and Quebec's search for a future is marked by "questioning, hesitations, affirmations, fears, hopes and uncertainties, all mixed together." And in the streets, the night of June 28th, the vigiles were as hopelessly unorganized as a lot of family photographs dumped on a rug. One youth parading down rue Notre-Dame wore Quebec's feathered headdress. The next was his daughter. An item of weekend was targeted from the 1980s, he looked contentedly upon and looked down the grey stone of which old Montreal is made. A young woman selling T-shirts printed with the provincial flag marked down her wares from \$5 to \$3, but still the pile on a card table in the centre of Place Jacques-Cartier remained empty.

Throughout the crowd of perhaps 10,000 scouring the squares and its surrounding web of narrow streets were faces made up like clowns, but there was less joy than self-mutilation in the making. One man wore a garland, a quilted fleur-de-lis on his shaved skull with one eye covered by a vicious black tearstain. Two hundred and fifty politicians held a pre-separatist march in Montreal, opening a bus on each gathering, and while both celebrants and cops upped a new city bylaw prohibiting drinking in the streets, an exultant cacophony of competing music heralded the air. Traditional Quebec fiddling was paraded into the embellished by the recorded voice of the late Jean Lapin (died drinking "Too say that it's over baby, you say that it's over now"). And, at the base of Nelson's Pillar, a Scottish bagpipe played Gilles Vigneault's "Garde du pays, c'est

notre tour de vous laisser parler d'encre." (Gangle of this land, now it's your turn to let yourselves be spoken in its terms of love.) That is the aptly anachronistic anthem of nationalists who, only reluctantly and mostly for show, made belated attempts to draw non-generation Québécois into their movement. The presence of many English-speaking and immigrant Québécois in the multitude indicated their desire to be one of the family, but that's a hard welcome to ask from fervent nationalists bitterly aware of the mild rejection they suffered referendum day from non-francophones. Time does not heal all wounds.

Meanwhile in Paris, Quebec singer Diane Dufresne performed poplars with a blue fleur-de-lis painted on one breast and a few hundred ex-patriate Québécois congregated at Place Beauvau to hear visiting Cultural Development Minister Camille Lemaire. But with a child in the air and in the crowd, Lemaire gave up on his prepared text to deliver these brave words:

"We are a people. We must remember it, proclaim it, almost shout it in the heart of Paris, capital of the world, because voices are rising to deny it. Last May 30, though it denied its leaders a mandate to negotiate, never did the Quebec people renounce its dignity, its right to decide its destiny by itself." Lemaire and his party renounce themselves that, since younger voters tend to favor independence, time and death will ensure the ultimate triumph of their apathy. But that assumption ignores the fact that younger voters eventually become older voters and that those now growing up are missing the substance of the independence movement's clarity of purpose before it became compromised by power. Shamelessly, Premier Lévesque leads a party that unconsciously believes in independence and a government that no longer does. The vote of the nationalist movement is choking on its own contradictions.

Federalists aren't standing much either, as Prime Minister Trudeau meets Lévesque with defiance and Ryan with disdain. For different reasons, both Trudeau and Lévesque want rapid but minimal constitutional change. Trudeau, because he wants little and change, Lévesque, because he believes substantial reform will weaken the ideology of independence. Claude Ryan is alone, like a man left standing when the music stopped. If sovereignty has lost its romantic allure, the essence of federalism has become an embarrassing bore. Politics, like the crowd of June 28th, is reduced to aimless wandering. Just as the parades of Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day once symbolized a religious, subversive Quebec, so does the emptiness of this *Père satanique* reflect the province's post-referendum malaise.

David Thomas is Montreal's Quebec bureau chief.



Illegal marchers in Montreal almost always die.



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# If you don't agree, say so

By Meredith Jose

**Q**uestion: How far can the individual Joe Citizen maintain in today's world of apathy? Apathy is indifference. Apathy is a senseless opinion. Apathy is vacancy. Still, the individual must matter or the game is over.

I believe the individual and the strength of the individual in our system of free thought and free speech is our only hope for making positive change in present government policy regarding human rights, the environment and the critical issue of nuclear energy. Although lobbying groups and movements and so-called coalitions often draw attention to areas such as nuclear energy, I believe the voice of the individual Joe Citizen can still make waves where he or she is motivated and vocal and persistent. Here it helps if that individual is rich or famous or both, but I also believe (as in my case) that the average Joe Citizen still matters when he persists and speaks.

Individual protest today is a rarity. Although the individual in our society has personal opinions and convictions, it is uncommon for the individual to come out of the closet and simply say he or she sometimes asks, "Who's Maa?" Most people tell me that the individual voice doesn't matter. I say, "Most people don't bother to make the effort to speak as individuals because they lack the conviction, time, motivation and/or their fear being socially ostracized." And then there are those who say, "Even if I speak my mind, no one even listens." I reply, "If no one listens, then we may as well be living in Russia."

The whole foundation of our democratic society is based on the individual's right to think and speak freely. If we do not exercise these previous freedoms, we destroy exactly what we're pro, which is growing pollution, growing unemployment, pollution of our environment, general impotence and wastefulness, a bizarre energy policy and over-all social decay. The news media say we're in a mess. I tell it's a collapse course.

I have been doing some May 15th protesting on water, stem milk, fruit juice and Ova cereal to protest that "bizarre energy policy" and what I call "the conspiracy of apathy surrounding the crucial issue of nuclear energy." I am writing, demonstrating and protesting simply as an individual driven. I am voicing my conviction in the hope that I will inspire other dissatisfied individuals to exercise their rights to actively confront this issue as they register by writing letters to their parliamentary representatives or to editors of newspapers and newspapers or by publicly demonstrating (as I have demonstrated at the Ontario legislature in Toronto three times).

What exactly is the "bizarre energy policy"? Ontario's Premier William G. Davis, in a letter to me dated May 28, 1986 (in response to a letter I had sent to him regarding his leadership or malfeasance with respect to energy), would

have me believe that his government's policy is cost-efficient, non-polluting and almost hazard-free. Almost. Mr. Davis writes: "The economic arguments favouring the use of nuclear plants are very obvious to the thousands in favour of hydroelectric stations. In both cases, while the initial capital costs are high in comparison with fossil-fuelled stations, operating costs are very low."

Mr. Davis's response is that it is a fact that reactors last for about 30 years before they deteriorate from age and radiation. What then is to be done with these contaminated and costly structures? The puzzle at Three Mile Island has and will cost millions and millions of dollars, not to mention the possibility of greater damage. Those are not low costs.

Mr. Davis continues: "As for safety, I should like to say that concern for public safety has always been the prime consideration, which takes precedence over all other considerations, in the development of Ontario Hydro's nuclear program. Until facilities for permanent disposal are available, used nuclear fuel is stored safely, on-site, at Hydro nuclear plants in water-filled bays especially designed to contain their radioactivity. This work has been successfully done by such [Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.] and Ontario Hydro for the past 20 years, and it is generally agreed that used fuel can be stored for 50 years or more, if necessary, by this method. I must emphasize that no responsible person in the nuclear field (or any other field for that matter) will give you so-called guarantees about risk."

Mr. Davis' letter goes on to point out that no one has died from a commercial nuclear accident in the "Western world." He neglects to mention that cancer has yet to feed, prevent or cure a proven and permanent disposal for the increasingly toxic radioactive waste which he refers to in his letter as "used nuclear fuel." The "risk" that, in fact, exists as mankind's greatest menace and the obstacle is mankind itself. This fact makes Mr. Davis' naive comparison of hydroelectric stations with nuclear stations ludicrous.

If the Pickering Nuclear Station waste repository (last civil of Montreal) were subjected to a major earthquake, airplane crash or terrorist attack, the entire southeast of North America could be rendered uninhabitable for thousands of years. That is a better thought. I say our present energy policy is more than risky, it is insane.

Personally, I do not plan to make a career as an activist, but I do plan to support the use of nuclear energy until there are no serious health methods to destroy the profoundly lethal and ever-accumulating radioactive waste byproduct. I believe it is the responsibility of all sane individuals in our society to stand up and voice their views or society will suffer the consequences and be further led astray by blind greed-over-barely-informed leaders.

Meredith Jose is an artist, songwriter, musician and left-winger living in Toronto.



*"I have demonstrated at the Ontario legislature in Toronto four times"*

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# Heavyweight in a larger ring



Actor, ambassador, philosopher, three-time heavyweight boxing champion of the world, Muhammad Ali is probably the most famous man on earth. Now, at 40, he is in training to come out of retirement and fight again. Against the odds and the opinions of newspapers that he has already suffered brain damage and risks more, Ali dreams of defeating World Boxing Council champion Larry Holmes for an \$1-million payday in a fight tentatively planned for August. *Maclean's Sports Editor Hal Green spoke with Ali recently at his training camp at Deer Lake, Pennsylvania.*

**Maclean's:** When you answered our retirement last year you said that it was important symbolically to the black people of America and the people of the Third World to see a black champion as an unmarked, money talent, a champion. You are that symbol. Now, millions of people around the world are asking you, why are you coming back? Ali: I'm coming back because I want to be four-time champion. I know the people's hearts are involved, black people, all my followers, and they took me on

## I'm coming back because I want to make history'

my word when I said I want to be the first black man to get out on top. A first-time champion. I know it's a lot of risk but he who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life. I'm not where I am today because I'm weak. I take a lot of risks—when I fought against the war in Vietnam, I took a risk, [when I] announced as a Muslim, I took a risk. I'm always taking risks so this is just betting for me to do. And I will beat Larry Holmes. He was my sparring partner. He's too slow. I know I can whip Larry Holmes. So I'm coming back because I want to make history and also I know I can win.

**Maclean's:** Holmes has demonstrated a variety of boxing styles against his opponents. What do you expect of him? Ali: I know he'll be afraid. He'll be really shy, he'll feel inferior, know his style, his defense, his movement, he'll insist I'll fight me. He tries to talk, rubs his face, talks of how pretty he is. Every-

thing he's got he taken from me. And he's my rival and he's his brother, and he's going to be so afraid, I predict he's just going to shrink up.

**Maclean's:** You've boxed for 20 years, you've boxed thousands of rounds. You know the effects of all those years of boxing—how the skin gets a little brittle and rubs more easily as we get older. Does that worry you?

Ali: I'm a spiritual man, I believe in God, I believe in Islamic faith, Allah, so I believe that He controls destiny. If something is meant to be, it will be. I don't see the light's getting dim, I think God, and accept the extraordinary cases that have prevented me from getting it. My skin is not so brittle, I'm not an old. People crazy, 38 years old, that's not an old man. It's old if you drink liquor, I don't drink, it's old if you smoke nicotine, I don't smoke, it's old if you're courting with women, which I don't do, it's old if you eat pork flesh, the wrong foods. I only eat certain foods, eat, so my body's not a 35- or a 38-year-old body. I'm a Superman. I've been training since I was 14, eating good food, jogging, running. I haven't taken the beating that the ordinary fighters take all these years. I've never been knocked out. I've been down once or twice, but I got right up, and I haven't been all cut up—I had a broken jaw.



I know I can whip Larry Holmes'

Basically I don't take a lot of whippings, so my body is equivalent to about a 30-year-old man... in my field.

**Maclean's:** You're not that you are blessed. Were you blessed for a job just?

Ali: What's my purpose? The moment you ask yourself this question, you've taken the first step on the path to wisdom. So my goal is to be the first black man who didn't have no white women, my purpose is to be the first black man that married all black women. I've had three wives, all black. Of course, in the real conscience of black men—going out with other women, leaving their own race when they get rich—it's a problem in our community. It want to be a black man who said what he wanted to say—I told the draft "no," married his own women, he freed, pick up black babies, but his own crew, but his own land, but his own crew, he free. Black and white are all up there being free. [I want] to be free and be an example to others coming behind me so they can do the same thing and not be hurt or harmed.

**Maclean's:** Is all the remarkable things that have happened to you now Ali, all the people that you've met, can you put your finger on one moment that was the greatest moment?

Ali: I'll tell you the greatest moment in my whole life, the people I've met, things that I've accomplished and everything, in the day that I met my spiritual leader, Elipha Muhammad.

**Maclean's:** Aside from Elipha Muhammad who was the most important or influential man in your life?

Ali: Wallace Muhammad, the leader who took over after his father died. After him it'd be my father. He's something. Then Jack Johnson, for what he did. He married white women when Negroes wasn't allowed to look at 'em. Not that it's so great, because a white woman, but the idea that he did what he wanted to do. He told black men not to fight white men, he'd knocked 'em out every day. The Ku Klux Klan threatened him—there was no Black Panthers, no Black Muslims, no revolution—1915. He was by himself fighting the establishment and racism. He dressed up and drove new cars, wore pretty clothes—everything the white man didn't like. He was a bold Negro, bold.

**Maclean's:** And just now, who are the real photos for you in your life?

Ali: The real pleasures are writing letters and making people happy, doing charity, helping people, helping people jobs, service, service to others. It makes me happy if I'm giving to somebody who really needs it. There, there's my wife and children, my family here, taking a nice holiday. I'm working on a letter now called the *Instructions of Life*. From, you should read it. Man, it's something.



Renya Hernandez, six years old, family of four is in poor health parents and struggles pay their through... She's small but with another family.

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## Dateline: Love Canal



frayed, conversations seemed to dwindle increasingly upon introductions, staring eyes and difficulty in breathing. By the time the federal disaster was declared and 877 families evacuated in August, 1979, high rates of cancer, birth defects and liver damage were also on the long list of ailments.

The source of the contamination was an abandoned hydroelectric canal built in the 1890s by a promoter named William T. Love. The Hooker Chemical Co. filled in the canal with some 21,000 tons of industrial waste from 1947 to 1962, not more than 15 metres from some homes. Hooker then sold the site to the Niagara School Board for \$1, and gave no warnings when a school was erected on top of the dump, "because it wanted to avoid legal repercussions," writes Michael Brown in his just-published book, *Laying Waste: The Poisoning of America by Toxic Chemicals*.

Security men James Meredith guards the evacuated zone; children at the fence closest, and something evil at home.



## Life on the rim of a chemical stew

By Michael Clapton

In the abandoned yards of the evacuated zone from 1978 to 1980, Streets, the grass is a wild mass and the fuchsia and lilacs seem to thrive on the poisoned soil. Just over the fence, life goes on as usual in the Love Canal district of Niagara Falls, N.Y. For Verna Bull on 161st St., that includes watching her windows with cleaner to cut the chemical spotting; for Harry Tolt, it means another shock to make sure his basement windows are open so they have been through two winters—to let the chemical fumes escape, for Sylvia and Anthony Panagiotis it means wondering why their three children came out normal, when neighbors' kids suffered. Inside the fence, bulldozers are the only sign of life, pushing clay around to seal off the dump.

"I called the priest to bless the house. It was the only thing left to do," Harry Tolt, 58, is describing a failed exorcism. He had moved his family to Love Canal in 1947. Within six years, epilepsy, convulsions, raptures of cancer, pneumonia and other afflictions struck variously among his two young sons, his wife and himself. "We thought that somebody had cursed that house. My grand-

mother and aunts, they believe in the Malach (a divining, evil entity), and they begged me to bring a priest in because they thought something was evil in the house." Two priests came for the service, but they were grappling in the wrong arena. The real curse issued from the soil beneath Tolt's basement—soil saturated with some of the most virulent chemicals known.

That service was held years before the poisoning of Love Canal came to light, but even then Tolt's tale was not the only local abnormality. Since the late 1920s, when the leafy middle-class suburb had lived up in neat rows around an abandoned industrial dump, children had played with "tin snaks"—clogs of dried mud that exploded brightly when thrown against a wall (because of the phosphorus in them). On many nights the dump site glowed as eerie green and lots came home from the school playground—both directly over the dump—with itchy eyes and hand pimples on their legs. Then, in 1966, the Malach showed itself—a black sludge seeping through Allen Voorhees' basement walls, bringing a stretch that in Niagara Falls had always meant employment and prosperity: the smell of chemical plants. As other basements were be-

hooker's legacy was a "what's what" in the world of poisonous chemicals, people could readen capable of damaging every human organ, cancer-causing agents like benzene, dioxin, the most poisonous substance made by man, compounds that could damage the brain and central nervous system in men, more than 500 different chemicals that combined in indescribably vile brews.

Marie Potemak, a key organizer at the Love Canal Homeowners' Association, which led the residents' fight for government help in evacuating the Canal, is outraged at how being one of the 733 families left behind. She has seen the results of enough tests, and just before speaking with Woodward had learned that her daughter Kim's central nervous system may be damaged. "What burns me up is they look at one thing and they say, 'Okay, it wasn't quite scientific.' They look at the nerve conduction and say, 'That's not too bad'; they look at x-rays and say, 'That too isn't bad.' Add it all up, they look together and, disaster, it scares the hell out of you."

By the front door at number 87 90th St., in the evacuated zone, a large clump of blossoms nods in the breeze. The flowers are forget-me-nots. ☐



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Dylan, with the same comforting certainty

## The little engine that still can

I think your reviewer misinterpreted Bob Dylan's current album, *Slow Train Coming*, and his recent convert tale, as being another old-fashioned (The Gospel According to Dylan, *Musician*, Mar. 12). The general tenor of your article would appear to elicit the comment, "Look how Dylan has changed!" He hasn't. Those of us who followed the Bob Dylan of the '60s heard a powerful voice saying and speaking about the need to prove for social justice in a corrupt society. The Dylan of 1980 still sings with the same compelling urgency, though now, through a newly acquired understanding of the Christian faith. To pass

him off as a meek evangelist is to condemn unjustly that he does not speak with the theological sophistication of Hans King or John Hick, and ignores the strong prophetic voice for social justice inherent both in his Jewish background and in his Christian understanding as a whole. If Dylan refuses to sing "the old songs," it's because, I feel, he sees more profoundly than ever the capacities for radical social change inherent in the Christian message.

REV. BRIEF GALLAGHER RANDOLPH

### A choice of choices

Your article on the renewed controversy over abortion (Birth of the Abortion Paradox, *Health*, June 2) joined me out of complacency. I had thought the rights to a legal, medically supervised abortion

was a firmly established option for most Canadian women. I had thought the days of east-banger and back-alley abortions or trips south of the border (for those lucky enough to afford them) were bad dreams of the past. But the pro-life movement conjures up neither spectre. In recent decades women have struggled diligently for increased rights to control their own destinies as mature, self-respecting individuals. One way they have exercised these rights has been to assume responsibility for reproduction. To allow one well-funded minority movement to take control of public decision-making bodies without an adequate mixing of the opposing views of the majority would be a regressive step towards to archaic paternalism. Vigorous, articulate support of the pro-choice position is still required. Thanks, *Maclean's*, for your timely alert.

FABRIS DUBAR  
WINNIPEG

In your article on abortion, I find it ironic that Alderman Bernice Genest says she will vote "no" on pro-choice. The fallacy of her argument has nothing to do with life or death, rather, with a faulty logic that refuses others the very right she exercises. Abortion is too sensitive and personal an issue to not have that integral right of choice maintained.

SHANNON LEE WANDONG  
OTTAWA

### The time is out of joint

In your article on the Katze massacre of the Polish national elite of *Warsaw's* in *Novel of Confession*, *Dutchess*, May 1981, you state that the question of responsibility hinges on whether this massacre took place in April, 1943, or April, 1941. The latter date is obviously incorrect since the German attack on the Soviet Union only began in June of 1941. The Soviet army, in fact, lost Smolensk on July 10, 1941.

ALAN RICHMOND  
THE PASS, MANITOBA

### The dating game

A letter in the June 5 issue of *Maclean's* criticized writer Paul Meehan (*The Art of War for Fun and Profit*, *Recreation*, April 21) for showing that Hitler had received *Komintern* in 1934 instead of 1937. In fact, his letter had his dates right and the error was made during the editing stage of the story.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's*, 121 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.



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### Pictures after an exhibition

Regarding your art story, *Exposure of a Zoo's Secrets* (April 21), about Paul Wong's photographs, exhibitors, perhaps readers would like to know that the *Marker Research* book was published in June 21 of 1989 and is available for \$5 from 1126A King St. W., Toronto.

DAVID HELMICK, MANAGING EDITOR  
IMAGINATION TORONTO

### Four legs bad?

In your story *Don't Be Man's Best Friend* (Science, May 22), Tim Hachens of the Ontario Humane Society promotes research into a birth-control injectant for pets. Yet the real answer to pet control is already here: municipal spaying and neutering clinics. They are the easiest, kindest, most effective way of control. Some humane societies are contracted by local municipalities in Canada to improve and kill animals. It is a business. The jobs of employees depend on an abundant, unwanted pet population and taxpayers support it. The vested-interest humane societies, vets and drug companies have talked about a pet birth control for the past 20 years. It is simply a tactic used to stop the spread of municipal clinics. Let's stop talking, remove the vested-interests and start actions to reduce the pet population.

MARLENA LALON, PUBLISHER  
THE FUND FOR ANIMALS INC.,  
TORONTO

Regarding Tom Hagler's concerns over the rising number of animal destructions his society is performing, it must be pointed out that the Ontario Humane Society has, in my opinion, brought this situation upon itself. Rather than the public having forced the club into the expand-and-kill syndrome, the society allowed itself to be a dumping ground for unwanted pets. Don't forget, humane societies are very dependent upon their city animal control contracts for funds; they are paid to kill animals. Cities such as Vancouver and Los Angeles have encountered huge decreases in their surplus pet populations, due mainly to their municipality operated, low-cost spay-neuter clinics. The club has been testing a pet contraceptive which, for decades, has been "just around the corner." The only logical, humane, reasonable and ethical way to control the rising unwanted pet population is to adopt a sterilization program. I wish Hagler would stop worrying about his absurd "percentage of purred earnings for cash" and face this truth.

LOUI ROBINA,  
MIRAMICAGO, ONT.

# THE MERCHANTS OF VENICE



By Robert Lewis

**F**irst Jimmy Carter's logistical warlords requested details for a presidential motorcade—through downtown Venice. Once on the scene, in the serene city of canals, they spotted a Venetian offer of a restaurant launch, another would ignore of steady arrivals. Instead, the president of the United States sailed around town on a tubby 6th Fleet barge called, appropriately, *Rattle Pole*.

The end war that loomed on the eve of the Venice summit was within the family called the Western Alliance. Carter, outlived on the right by Ronald Reagan at home, had managed to pack fights with his friends overseas. Robert Schmidt was so ticked off by suggestions that he is soft on Soviets that he spent 80 minutes on the opening day lecturing Carter on West Germany's approach to the Khrushchev.

In the end, reinforced together as paid dividends of sorts. While the final declaration suspended to neighborhood statements of good intent, behind closed doors on an island that once served as a refuge in storms the leaders settled some of their long-festering differences. The outcome was testimony to



John Kenneth Galbraith's theory that people who run things tend to get along on a crutch. The approaching calls to the polls in Germany and France as well as the United States also served as an incentive for issue-banking (statcraft).

The much-now annual—gathering of the West's big industrialized democracies was the first to devote so much time to political issues. That was not surprising, since it was the first summit

Summit participants (from left), Japanese Foreign Minister Shintaro Arisaka, Trudeau, Schmidt, Giscard, Prime Minister George of Italy, Carter, Thatcher and European Commission President Roy Jenkins. (See below) summit in session resulted in good news.

since the hostage-taking in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. As the leaders gathered at San Giorgio Maggiore for breakfast on the first day, France's Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who normally insists that the Seven concentrate only on economics, brought word that the Soviets had backed their desire for peace in Afghanistan by starting a troop withdrawal.

Others round the table were skeptical. Canada's Pierre Trudeau suggested the announcement could be a "play" aimed at breaking the boycott of this month's Olympic Games. U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie grumbled, "Don't believe anything you don't see." External Affairs Minister Mark MacGunguis was even more blunt when he dismissed the Soviet action as "mere window-dressing" (see box, page 28).

Giscard, whose chairman's meeting in Warsaw with Leonid Brezhnev in May raised Carter's ire, insisted that the Soviet troop withdrawal—estimated to be one-eighth of the invading

force of 85,000—was part of a timetable for further retreat. In the end, however, the summit declaration simply noted the Soviet action and demanded "permanent" and "complete withdrawal" as a condition of settlement.

By the time Carter reached Belgrade on his four-nation tour, however, he was allowing, without details, that he was "prepared to explore a transitional arrangement" for survivors in Afghanistan during a Soviet withdrawal. Replaced a senior administrative official, who played his customary morning game of tennis during the opening session "It is our hope to leave the door open"—possibly in a British-protected scheme to withdraw Afghanistan on the Austrian model. Next day in Washington a state department official locked the door open further by offering to discuss any serious proposals for a withdrawal.

On the broader matter of differing approaches to the Soviet bloc, too, Carter struck a more conciliatory tone. Having criticized the Genset-Brenkew encounter before the summit, he called the French president's move "productive" after it was over. Trudineau, who had characterized Genset's foreign as "unproductive" in Ottawa, commended him for sharing his confidence on troop withdrawals in Venice. Carter even back-burnered the divisive U.S. hostage issue, settling for a generalized condemnation of terrorism and dysprosity aid, saying: "He also changed to a positive view of Schmidt's meeting this week with Brezhnev, which he had criticized



Trudineau disembarking; two Red airplanes

in a still note to the chancellor earlier last month.

His less aggressive mood was good domestic politics all around. Asked if he felt a more supportive distance in Europe, he replied: "I hope not just among Europeans." Whether the winter sounds presaged a breakthrough on Afghanistan and restored prospects for general détente, however, remained to be seen. For Brezhnev passed word that he had been "shocked, even stunned" by the Soviet's initial skepticism about his intentions.

On the economic front, the leaders

re, particularly since "he was getting better before he died" in the end only that was discussed, was "communalistic." The doctrine spread quickly through most parts of the official imbroglio.

For his inside story Canadian reporters shopped around in the other delegations whose briefs had turned a wing of soldiers in the press center into a geopolitical speakeasy for 2,000 friendly souls. By far the best booth on the last day was Jody Powell's. Stung by criticism from Washington journalists about an earlier performance, the White House press secretary is charged for officials to limit the press on the first communiqué two hours before it is released. The stipulation was that the remarks were embargoed until the screen started. The provoked cries of concern from American journalists gathered around an amplifier booming the embargoed words of wisdom through an open window into the adjacent courtyard.

One of the best lines came from a list of the Soviet communication on Afghanistan. The word "peace" noted vigorously. "The



Trudineau with son, Justin hands the gift; alone in St. Mark's square, black funeral

leaving of the father is transparent but the facts are opaque. Is it the part of the past we sum up of course. But it is not down the stairs below and below the former (Chak) side, who met the new British prime minister last year in Tokyo and supposed. Compared to Margaret Thatcher, Milton Friedman is flexible.

If he has no tolerance for slipping records, Prime Trudeau seems to be developing a sense of history—or at least he is in a conflict with the two a lot

listed the fight against soaring inflation as "our immediate top priority." For the third year in a row, they pledged themselves to reduce oil consumption by doubling coal production, expanding the use of nuclear power and promoting conservation. The summit declaration also called for oil-producing states and the Soviet bloc to join in a global effort to recycle the wealth of a few to the many who are poor.

Most of the leaders sounded as if they thought they could produce a better world before they meet again next year in Canada. It was Pierre Trudeau who confessed that he had "too wild dreams" but rather "cautious optimism" that "we can cope with our problems." That more realistic evaluation of pro-

"The Soviet invasion in consumer prices for the down in 1980 rose Canada 60 per cent, U.S. 122 per cent. France 11, Germany 2.5, Italy 20, U.S. 14.

pects—beyond being uttered by a politician who likely will not seek re-election—pointed the way to a sobering reality: conditions and circumstances which limit the highway to hope. Some examples:

■ **Energy.** The Seven said they are determined to "break the existing link between economic growth and consumption of oil" by producing the equivalent of 15 to 20 million barrels a day of oil from other sources in the next 50 years. The trouble is, coal and nuclear produce respectively two predictable reactions: and ruin and popular opposition. Against the specific target for coal, however, the final declaration offered only the bland assurance—Trudeau insisted on it as a minimum—that "we are conscious of the environmental impact" and "we will do everything in our power" to improve the environment from fossil fuel pollution.

Progress for nuclear must pass by



A Japanese newspaper is linked (left), and President Carter and daughter Amy travel Venice-Rome sign, Italy-Italy during differences

Three Mile Island before getting to St. Bernard, where Trudeau visited officials for the first time last week, often noted in a March referendum to phase it out near the end of the decade in Italy, where Trudeau's father with Hadron included a pitch for the Canadian reactor, officials estimate that opposition is such that the first of 14 proposed plants is not likely to be operating by the end of the decade, if ever. In Washington, last week, the Democratic platform announced, too, voted for a phase-out of nuclear plants.

■ **Third World.** Poor nations are staggering under an oil bill that has doubled in two years to \$50 a barrel. The scores of wealthy proposed "fossil negotiations" among Western, Soviet bloc and OPEC

nations to find ways to transfer money to the Third World for spending on alternative energy and food production. But when Margaret Thatcher and Carter objected to a proposal for such a multinational by an international commission under former German chancellor Willy Brandt, the commission was rebuffed to say only "We shall carefully consider its recommendations." Trudeau and Schmidt personally noted at the final appearance of the Seven that if a conference were called they would like to attend. Yet at home, Trudeau's Liberals have cut aid spending only by channeling most of the funds through Canadian companies, established practices that aren't always shared by developing nations.

■ **Arms.** Before the summit, Carter sharply warned Schmidt against backing off the allied commitment last December to deploy 102 short-range nuclear missiles Schmidt shot back "De-



not rest assured that you can depend on the united Germany." After a 10-minute in Venice, Carter announced that he had "absolutely no doubt" that the chancellor stood behind the NATO plan. But the air has not been cleared completely, if only because of divergent approaches to the Soviets. From his side of the Atlantic, Carter moved to the night by adopting a hard line on Schmitt, however, his trade deals to make and the proximity of St. Warsaw Pact divisions to neutrality.

Trudeau's meeting with Carter also failed to resolve two hot Canadian concerns: the delay of more than a year in Senate ratification of the treaty on East Coast fishing boundaries, which threatens to cause a scallop war; and the lack of progress in the U.S. on financing the previously negotiated Alaska gas pipeline. Asked if the two countries have any problems, Carter

## The garbled word from on high

Pierre Trudeau, who once threatened by "countless meetings" who felt lost out of the cabinet, was in the summit document word strictly made the predictive word of an old Bedouine missionary raged with garbais, fogues and armed carabinieri. A group of Canadian officials hoped to pull down the veil from the summit to be the first to see, report and uplift gentle spin doctors in the Group of Seven. Trudeau said they were little and, in turn, the newspaper people left no communication unfettered in avoiding what Joss Clark once called to his detriment, a certain degree of apathy.

Among the toughest: "The major emphasis of the summit will be comprehensive" and "We believe in developing generally. Coordinated together for Trudeau's four-nation tour, the guests and leaders look to ensuring with black hair. Even the official booklet said to chuckle at the mislabeled dispatches that the Summit Seven neglected the absence of Japan's Prime Minister Oh-



guipped. "We're going to try to find one. We don't have any say far."

This vote is not shared by the state department, where an official fretted that "the Canadian frustration on the fisheries matter is spilling over into other issues." Indeed, there are indications that Canada is holding off on a specific commitment for 1986 on the grain embargo to the Soviet Union until Washington deals with SAs.

The prospects during a election

Curier (left) with Schmidt and Muskie. You can depend on the bloody Germans!

year, however, are slim, because senators in tight rooms can't ignore even a small lobby of seafaring fishermen. Says MacGilligan, "President Carter tries to be reassuring about it when he speaks with Prime Minister Trudeau. Mr. Muskie is much less optimistic when he speaks to me."

Indeed, Trudeau had more success on

the summit floor when he got a word changed in the energy statement. The original draft, on which bureaucratic "slurpers" had talked for months, said that oil prices should "reflect" representative world prices. Since that seemed inconsistent with Trudeau's election pledge to keep Canadian oil below world levels, the leaders accepted the phrase "take into account." In effect, the industrial world also brought the sentiments of the Liberal party of Canada although, at the start, said one European official: "It was us against one."

Trudeau also endorsed the notion that, next year in Canada, the summit should be even more "restrictive" than in years past. He has in mind shorter communiqués and smaller, more informal sessions without ministers and advisers. If he is still around, as he now expects, this could mean that Trudeau will open the conference in the Rocky Mountains at Jasper Park Lodge, a happy venue for Liberals since it is where Joe Clark went to plan his nine-month sojourn in government. Jasper also offers atmosphere for either U.S. presidential candidate Ronald Reagan could wear his cowboy outfit and Jimmy Carter could have a motorcade. ☐

## A new boy in the big league

An ominous Atlantic gale was fang to blow itself into Venice as External Affairs Minister Michel MacGilligan sat down in his hotel suite overlooking the Canal di San Marco for a post-summit view of a troubled international scene and Canada's place in it. Go home to a full-fledged ministerial meeting in Ankara, he had Afghanistan very much on his mind.

MacGilligan is the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan?

MacGilligan: It is a real of a meaningless either in the sense that the troops are not needed or because it will be a very short-lived withdrawal. From our various soundings with the Soviets, we at times get the same reaction: they have no intention of withdrawing their troops or allowing a new deal with Afghanistan. The many, many attempts including some by Canada, to explore the possibility of neutrality have all been rebuffed.

MacGilligan: Why then was the captain sent home?

MacGilligan: The Soviets are not so concerned in getting the country. The boycott of the Olympic Games is hurting the Soviet Union very badly. They are thinking they need to give them a little more time. I don't think the announcement was aimed at the Venice summit. It was aimed at the Geneva boycott.

MacGilligan: Aren't we more in the Asian



MacGilligan (right) joins Trudeau and Marc Lalonde at a press conference. A closer American understanding of the Europeans

can add because of our position on the Olympic boycott. The grain embargo on the Soviet Union is a major issue. The Common Market's Middle East peace initiative and the prime minister's initiative of French challenges with the Soviet and our geography?

MacGilligan: Only in the sense that we are a North American people. We have much stronger direct ties with Europe than does the United States—more because of our ties with Britain than those with France. Our view is a mixture of European and American perspectives.

MacGilligan: Where do we fit in relation to the Soviet Union and Europe then?

MacGilligan: There are as a result of the summit meetings, a clearer American

understanding of the European situation. I believe we helped on both sides. The European dilemma is expressed most clearly by West Germany. The people have strong links with the 36 to 38 million East Germans and with Germans in Poland and surrounding countries. There is no way West Germany can cut its ties with the East bloc. Obviously, it is also firmly committed to the Western Alliance. There has to be an American understanding of the fact that a reaction to events in Afghanistan by West Germany can take exactly the same form as in the United States. Similarly, the Europeans have to understand the United States that moved at the American people and the difficulties of formulating foreign policy in an election year.

MacGilligan: But aren't we too small and too far away to play on the stage?

MacGilligan: In fact we are emerging not as a superpower—I hesitate to use the words great power because we're not in the military sense.

MacGilligan: Super status?

MacGilligan: While certainly an upper-middle power. Economically we are a super power. We belong in this league. These countries know that. Even France, which has been very reluctant to accept us in the group, is at the end of the line. France has really accepted that the standards are high. It is also the fact that they've recently accepted that global decisions can play this kind of role. This is extremely important for Canada—especially since we are facing the real one.



The soldiers monitor part of the camp. Vietnamese prisoners and men showing at least one ramshackle camp destroyed



## Human pawns in a power game

Last week Vietnamese troops around into Thailand from Cambodia on what hoisted ominously like the start of a major clash. Muslim Woodstock, who returned last week from an extended tour of Indonesia, analyzes the prospects for peace or, more probably, an escalation of the fighting.

The conflict over the future of Cambodia (Kampuchea) last week lumbered one stage farther toward an open confrontation. The chances that the clash over the control of that pinball country could be settled by compromise were always slim. But what remained of them has now been as effectively blotted as the ramshackle refugee camps destroyed by Thai and Vietnamese troops, artillery and airstrikes.

The lineup on the Southeast Asian

game board is well known. Thailand, China and the United States, timidly followed by the other non-Communist Southeast Asian nations, want to make Hanoi pay as heavily for staying in Cambodia that it will eventually decide to get out before the price goes through the roof. Vietnam, backed by the Soviet Union, is determined to show its opponents that Vietnamese power cannot be challenged with impunity.

But the dry vocabulary of strategy tends to conceal the fact that the pieces on the board are, as before, the ordinary people of Kampuchea. The immediate news, this time, are the refugees who are desperate a sort of Cambodian enclaves along the Thai border. The immediate cause of the present fighting—without minimising Vietnamese intrusion—has been the cynical manipulation of this emergency by the powers

aggrand to the Vietnamese backed regime in Phnom Penh.

The harper and chaos that followed the Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea in late 1975—and the fall of Pol Pot's genocidal Khmer Rouge government—pushed large numbers of refugees across the border into Thailand to join those who had already fled. Others have followed since. This vast concentration of people was seen at once as an international relief problem of the first magnitude. But the Thais, the Chinese and the Americans saw it also as the necessary "population base" for the military and political organizations that would have to be reformed or created if the Vietnamese were to be expelled out of Cambodia.

Some of the refugees were Khmer Rouge soldiers and supporters who genuinely wanted to carry on the fight



against the Vietnamese-backed Heng Samrin government in Phnom Penh. But the majority fled in search of food, security or a chance to emigrate to the West. Instead, large numbers of them were imprisoned, housed and recruited by new war leaders. Some of the refugee community in Thailand, with its spill-over into the neo-man's-land on the Cambodian side of the frontier, was recruiting a major Khmer Rouge force as well as a score of neo-Communist private armies and a variety of political groups and fronts. Their food and medicines came from the United Nations, which found no way to distinguish between civilians and fighters. The same came from China with the consent of Thailand and the United States.

As the rains began in May, Khmer Rouge troops, freshly equipped and uniformed and purged of the malaria that had earlier reduced them to pathetic scarecrows, moved out from their bases for what has proved to be a relatively effective campaign against the Vietnamese.

But it was inevitable that Hanoi, whose transference over Cambodia is, of course, equally a factor in the present plight of that nation, would react sharply and forcefully. The Vietnamese foreign minister, Nguyen Co Thuan, warned the Thai that he visited Bangkok in May that concerned support for the Khmer Rouge armies would have unpleasant consequences.

The Thai tried to bargain for concessions. But the Vietnamese were not interested. The pressure put on them by

Cambodian refugees fleeing Vietnamese advance (left), and Thai soldiers carrying dead comrades the final provocation

Thailand, China and the United States had only served to cement more firmly their desire to see an Indochina "free" was not only desirable but necessary to their security. For Hanoi, the final provocation was the "reparation" program sponsored by the United Nations, which set under way last month. The transparency of that particular operation was almost complete. With fresh refugees streaming out of Cambodia because of the fighting, the world—and the Vietnamese—were asked to believe that large numbers had chosen that particular moment to go back "in search of their families" on

the contrary, reports suggest that a significant number of those returning under the UN program were, in fact, Khmer Rouge adherents. Once in Cambodia they would swell the number of the static population at the Khmer Rouge guerrilla fighters need to provide food, shelter and other support.

The Vietnamese reaction last week was to cut aside the diplomatic restraints that had kept their major military operations away from the border. They went straight for the reparation points and, for good measure, attacked most of the neo-Communist Khmer base (free Khmer) camps as well. These next moves will almost certainly be as serious as the last Khmer Rouge strongholds just within Cambodia, and if for military reasons they need to visit Thai territory again they will do so.

The "population bomb" of refugees, which some Western diplomats use hopefully to compare with that which sustains the Palestine Liberation Organization, has meanwhile been nurtured and the relief system that fed it disrupted. The Thai, who had courted a fight without wanting it, are in a quandary. And, for many thousands of ordinary Khmers—people who hardly begin to understand the games being played by Washington, Peking, Moscow, Hanoi and Bangkok—disaster and death have struck again. ☐

## Death of a dynasty

He was known to some as the Crown Prince. Others contemptuously called him "the boy" but they took care to do so behind his back. Most did not lightly or with openly polite but Sirine Gandhi who until his death last week in an air crash at 33 was invariably described as the heir apparent to his formidable mother, Indira, prime minister of India. Until early he was just too powerful to antagonize—and then there were the planes and not just the ones about his eleven million Indians were persuaded to submit to slavery in which violence was a constant, sinister undercurrent. Not long after his mother's return to power in January when Sirine himself was elected to parliament in a sweeping reversal of his father's three years earlier, he threatened to send his youth Congress activists on "do-homage operations" against leaders who were holding back comrades such as to fight in the heat of higher prices. It was typical of the man and his tradition that for do-homage operations many people read "wrecking up shops."

It seemed also odd in character that Sirine said so it as well when performing the crash scene (above), and that a mourning over his was a similar occurrence



The crash scene (above), and that a mourning over his was a similar occurrence

Ambedkar. He lived until he was 35 and for his strength but there was hardly his strong point. Paradoxically in a country where age and longevity came as both considered desirable if not indispensable, in a politician, Sirine risked out of his youth his direct (some would say hypocritical) approach and his single (some would say naïve) political credo. He was against state control only because he thought it made things more expensive.

But then he was not an idealist. One of his personal obsessions, which he did not tell his audience, was to be automobile. A barely lived one he called that kept his last childhood he drove pictures of cars and wheels in our everything, and it was

## United Kingdom

### The gentlemen pick their weapons

London had seen nothing fiercer since the great Run-the-Bomb marches of the early 1960s. In a not totally surprising development and led by the Labour party's deputy leader, Michael Foot, looking like some Old Testament prophet with his haggard face and long white hair, 16,000 Britons were given and into protest last week by the Thatcher government's agreement to install 260 U.S. Cruise missiles at two peaceful villages deep in the English countryside.

The decision made Britain the first European NATO country to accept the controversial low-flying missile, which dodges radar and is reputedly capable of hitting the Kremlin with pinpoint accuracy from its hideouts in Berkshire and Cambridgeshire. It also provided a swift and predictable response from the Soviet Union—that Britain had placed herself firmly in the front line of a future war.

Brashingly banners that depicted a clenched hand crushing a nuclear, the angry marchers gathered in rain-swept Hyde Park to hear Foot declare: "This is not the end of a campaign but

the beginning of a new campaign in which we can give the lead to the people of Europe and the world." He added that the two years before the missiles come to Britain should be used to secure "multinational nuclear disarmament."

An Foot spoke, army personnel in Aldershot, 50 km to the southwest, were getting the finishing touches to the ship yard for Britain's booming export trade in military hardware, the British Army Equipment Exhibition. This year it attracted some 400 visitors, mainly defence buyers and chiefs of

state. Foot, who followed Sirine's flower-decked gun carriage to the sandstone-lined city last week, has stayed out of the limelight. In the late 1960s as a 23-year-old Sirine came up with the idea of a small utility car which he called the Mini (30 of the word good). But after more than 30 million had been invested in a huge industry, the project found circumstances that have ever since surrounded suspicion.

The Mini was not the only thing that had the gears: temper warring. And while Sirine of Sirine's kind long may have been exaggerated—a rumbustious and intemperate, he was widely described as being "lightning-fast in the act"—the fact that he indulged in during the state of emergency declared by his mother in 1975 turned the background to his unenlightened decisions than 20 changed after she left him power in 1977. Her allegations ranged from attempted murder through criminal conspiracy and fraud to bribery. It seemed at the time, particularly when he was convicted for conspiracy, that this list of indictments in the Youth Congress (his prior vision of a nuclear party) which had a weak unity in (unconnected) power, had been every.

But, following his mother's comeback this year the direction and the text of the charges were quietly set aside and Sirine

Entrance to the site with military weapons a mile's distance from war

staff, from 90 countries. The defence ministry was asked by Amnesty International to narrow the constraints but refused "in defence to the wishes of many potential customers."

Amnesty claimed it had allegations of torture in 37 of the countries that attended the previous exhibition, two years ago. It noted also that, although Britain had slipped to fourth among international arms exporters (behind

and by his hands to be converted to the need for democracy was back at the top. Recently named as general secretary at the main Congress (the Indian) party he was credited with orchestrating its recent by-election successes and control during his own parliamentary base at the same time. Having gained many of the successful decisions behind him, Sirine was third in the list, followed by 542 who were said to be Sirine men and, though not in government, he was expected to control the key defence industry and economic planning departments.

All that ended in the wreckage of the big single-engine Fiat start plane on the little airport at Gatwick near a New Delhi suburb. There are some, many of them Sirine supporters, who used to argue that the catastrophe that in India—its 66 million people speak 2,300 languages—could only be governed by the democratic authoritarianism of which the Gandhi dynasty, legitimized by Jawaharlal Nehru, India's father and its first practitioner, has been the exponent in modern times. Others, chiefly Sirine's supporters, were equally certain that in two generations the democracy had already swung too far toward authoritarianism and that if Sirine succeeded his mother democracy was doomed. For good or ill, that is a debate that now will never reach its conclusion. **David North**



the affinity that persuaded his relatives (his mother became estranged from Sirine's father, Prince Gandhi) to no relation to Nehru, to start not just his own party but to Sirine's party in England, and then a weak university when his school reports proved to be less than brilliant. He set Britain was also responsible for the first burst of scandal to touch the younger of Indira Gandhi's two sons (his



Rachels on display (top), survival gear for chemical and nuclear war, and food areas sates growing in traps and bonds

the U.S., the Soviet Union and France, it was "a world leader in the export of riot control, surveillance and internal security technology."

Britain's export trade in defence equipment is certainly one of the country's few manufacturing growth areas—currently worth about \$2.2 billion a year. Some 8,000 companies are estimated to be connected with the defence business one way or another and nearly 500,000 jobs are involved.

Although the Israeli army exhibition—at which this year's star was the Vietnam Valiant battle tank, complete with secret "Chobham" armor—is closed to the public, the government is clearly proud of Britain's vanguard role. The week-long fair was opened by Prince Philip, so too, and Sir Ronald Ellis, head of defence sales, described it as "a form of corporate advertising for the U.K."

Sir Ronald's bullish attitude was in stark contrast to two disturbing reports published a few days before. One, by Stockholm's International Peace Research Institute, warned that the worldwide growth in military expenditure could lead to armed conflict. The

other, by Britain's highly respected Institute for Strategic Studies (ISS), expressed concern that the world was "sliding toward war."

The Swedish institute noted that the international arms trade had increased 316 times faster in the 1970s than in the 1960s—the main customers being in the Middle East, the Far East and Africa—and that worldwide arms spending, which had quadrupled in real terms since 1965, had gone into a spiral resulting in the patterns immediately preceding the two world wars and the Korean and Vietnam conflicts.

The ISS, an independent research body, cited several disturbing reasons of instability and weakness leading to fears of conflict. They included the industrial world's dependence on oil, which turned any threats to the Persian Gulf into threats to world peace; the looming Soviet energy crisis, an apparent end to détente after Afghanistan; major new Western armaments programs and the strategic buildup in China. It did not specifically refer to the dangers of Third World countries obtaining nuclear technology, but a BBC documentary recently analyzed in chilling detail how Libya had financed Pakistan to an advanced state of nuclear bomb expertise—all the know-how obtained through aerial commercial channels in Western Europe.

Rokhsar at Aldermore would probably dampen doom-mongering, or so it is a path to ever better business. About 3,000 companies took part, most of them affiliated to the four-year-old Defence

Manufacturers' Association, which has 200-odd members, many of them blue-chip industrial names such as Alcan.

Sir Ronald Ellis, questioned about the morality of selling arms to countries that might use them for international repression, said the decision on what to sell to whom was a matter for the foreign office, which took into account a country's record on human rights. He pointed out that 90 per cent of the equipment sold at previous exhibitions had never been used.

George Bernard Shaw's arse-troon Andrew Underduff would have had as patience with such distinctions. "The true faith of an armorer," Underduff declared a critic of his trade in *Major Barbara*, was "to give arms to all men who offer as honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles, to... all nationalities, all faiths, all colors, all classes and all creeds."

Carol Kennedy

## Japan

### Ohira's will be done

For the few hundred people standing in the rain outside a railway station in Osaka, nothing was believing. Before them, sharing a microphone beside a machine decorated with a picture of deceased Japanese prime minister Masayoshi Ohira, were the four faction leaders of the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP). Moreover, instead of snarling, all were united in extolling the virtues of the party and of their former leader. Playing a recording of Ohira's last speech to the attentive throng, former premier Takeo Fukuda declared that he was "filled with emotion." Said Yasuhiro Nakasone, a longtime party secretary-general: "We are campaigning nationwide to accomplish the will of prime minister Ohira. We will follow his wishes as we restrain our tears."

Despite the irony—Fukuda and another rival generalist, Takeo Miki, had helped topple Ohira on May 16, prompting the election—the message was repeated time and again as LDP campaigners circumscribed the country in manifestos and as bystanders and journalists equipped with loudspeakers broadcasting Ohira's last public speech and calling on voters to vote behind the party like someone behind a fallen idol.

However transparent, the appeal worked. In fact, it can be said that, with much the failure of the opposition parties to present an attractive alternative (one coalition fell apart days before the vote) and good weather (which produced a 54.7 per cent voter turnout) to delay the LDP's landslide

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At the cost of all opposition parties but the Socialists, the LDP won a 30-seat majority in the 512-seat lower house of the Diet (parliament) and an eight-seat majority in the 268-seat upper house.

The victory significantly reshaped the Japanese political landscape. Instead of hanging on to power with the capricious support of a handful of independents, the LDP now rightfully claims that it has a mandate to carry out the tough policies that many believe are necessary. The result is expected to be a lurch to the right in domestic affairs. Social issues, such as cash payments to the nation's elderly and unemployed, are expected to take a backseat to more defense spending and higher personal and corporate income taxes.

But, first, the LDP has a pressing problem—the election of a successor to Ohta as its president and prime minister before July 31, when the new parliament meets. Party leaders jockeyed furiously after the election victory to choose ways of averting a bitter leadership battle, but observers gave them little chance of success as factional battle lines were once more being drawn.

The current front-runner is Toshiki Kameoka, 63, the outgoing former deputy minister and shipping magnate who has the backing not only of big business but of Fukuda and Miki. Other strong contenders are former foreign minister Kiichi Mitsuoka, 60, the hero to Ohta's supporters, and Nakasone, 62. But whatever emerges on top, it appears inevitable that the LDP's image of unity, hastily patched together on the campaign, will shortly come unstuck.

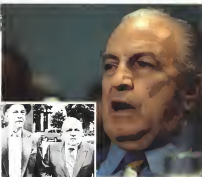
James Fleming, Stephen Francis



Comrades in Tokyo, calling on voters to unite like samurai behind a common bond

## U.S.A.

# The FBI nets a very slippery fish



By William Lowther

For more than 30 years the FBI has been after Carlos Marcello, a 70-year-old grandfatherly figure who speaks the sort of English you might expect from Peter Sellers if he were playing a Mafia "don." But there's nothing funny about Marcello, said by the experts to be one of the most powerful and ruthless bosses ever known. The justice department has been trying to deport him since 1953 on the grounds that he is "an inadmissible alien." His continued life of luxury in New Orleans is testimony enough that he is a big and also a very slippery fish.

Last week, however, as grand juries in Washington and New Orleans continued to hear evidence against him, Marcello was facing a 30-count indictment which could mean him \$54,000 in fines and one year in jail for every one

Marcello and (right) entering court with lawyer Virgil Wheeler, said to be ruthless

he has so far lived. An FBI source called it the most significant strike against the Mafia in a decade and, despite Marcello's denials, the agency is using his case to spotlight its current lists against crime. Revealing statistics previously kept secret, FBI Director William Webster has told Congress that the Mafia has about 2,000 initiated members in the U.S. and employs another 10,000 in grossly ill-gotten income of \$111-to-\$168 billion. Webster has also confessed that the Mafia has 27 traditional organized crime "families" operating in 26 major cities. "There is substantial evidence of a conspiracy that involves interfamily jurisdictional gray areas, denies major policy issues, and violates your basic," he says. Marcello is believed to share the leadership of that conspiracy.

The man the FBI says is the go-to-for to end all go-fathers is in court as the result of another "big" conspiracy like Abscam, several of whose congressional "informants" were in court two weeks ago

on bribery charges. In Marcello's case the FBI set up a fake insurance business and, using a concert-turned-informer, approached Marcello with a deal. If he could turn top Louisiana politicians into awarding huge viatic-insurance contracts to the ex-conv, he would get a share of the huge take-off involved. Not only did Marcello find officials to bribe, says the FBI, in one recorded phone call he said "We got two, two big shots, one two big shots."

Nothing, however, if certain when dealing with Marcello. He has been suspected of many crimes, including complicity in the assassination of President Kennedy. But he has rarely been found guilty and his connections in high places have got him out of trouble. In 1968 he was convicted of penning an FBI agent on the nose, but more than 30 leading Louisiana citizens—including a sheriff, a state legislator, two former state police commissioners and a finance director—wrote to the trial judge vying elements. Marcello was given two years but served less than six months.

The Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans claims that the Marcello organization was raking in over \$500 million a year in illegal gambling alone in the early 1960s. The commission's recently retired director, Aaron Kahn, says that millions more have been made from syndicate-controlled bars, restaurants, professional burglary and holdups, narcotics and the sale of stolen goods.

But it is the Kennedy connection that fascinates most Marcello-watchers. When President John F. Kennedy's brother Bobby, then attorney-general, learned that Marcello had bought Joseph Bastianese citizenship to get him to help the alleged crime boss deported Marcello spent a few days in a Guatemala jail before bribing his way into the local Williams hotel. Within a month, having agreed to pay for a new school, he was back in the U.S. And, so the FBI and CIA say, making threats against the Kennedys.

On the day that President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Marcello was sequestered in New Orleans in a large room—there were no questions that he had killed a jurymen—and when he was called before a congressional committee two years ago, he denied all knowledge of, or involvement in, the Kennedy assassination. But the rumors remain.

Meanwhile, the grand juries hearing evidence against him may bring other charges—and many government witnesses and informants are being kept in protective custody. "You never know what might happen in a prosecution against him," a case like the one in the FBI source "One could be easily got run over by a truck." ♦

## Washington

# Tearing the ties that bind

Marvinie Armstrong was lucky. On Oct. 22, 1978, her former husband kidnapped their 31-year-old daughter, Mary Elizabeth, by abducting a baby sitter. The ex-husband was an alcoholic and took drugs, and the baby needed medication for allergies. But a half month and \$25,000 later, Armstrong found her child. Mary Elizabeth had been kept in a squalid southern Californian apartment, but



she was alive and in new bonds with her mother

Sandra Caliente was not so fortunate. Her son, Ryan, was taken by her former husband in October, 1977. In the years since, she has spent \$30,000 on private detectives, phone bills, lawyers and travel from Washington to Florida, she says. "It's as if he had fallen off the face of the earth."

Both women were in Washington last week to testify before a congressional committee considering legislation on "child snatching." While there are no official statistics, it's estimated that between 25,000 and 100,000 children are kidnapped by their own parents or near parents. But under federal law it is not illegal for a parent to take his or her own child unless it can be shown that the child is in danger.

Representative Charles Bennett is trying to change that. He has introduced a bill that would make it a federal crime to "snatch" a child and includes a clause allowing the state to become involved in searching for the missing child. This provision may make cases such as Sandra Caliente's easier to

solve. In South Carolina, where she and her new husband live, state and local officials have refused to get involved in what they call a family matter. If the FBI was involved in the case (and it has been), but failed, to get the agency's help, computer networks and field officers could provide valuable new expertise.

As it is, she has borrowed a few of their ripped clothes. The relatives "I've changed to the phone company and told them I was my ex-father-in-law's wife. That way they gave me copies of his phone bill and I could see where the long distance calls were being made. I also went to the post office and gave them a change of address slip in my ex-husband's name so his mail came to my house." But all is not so evil.

While the congressional hearing testimony last week agreed that the child-snatching problem is very urgent, they pointed out that the solution may be equally complex. The federal courts have little experience with family matters, and custody battles settled in the state

Armstrong testifying (left), and Bennett. "It's hell on the face of the earth"



courts would have to be enforced at the federal level. There is also the difficult question of whether if a child visits a parent in another state and doesn't come home, is that kidnapping?

For Executive Armistead, Senator Francis P. Mullen and the FBI would like to be involved in substantial extra costs in child-snatching cases. But Dennis James Freed of the American Bar Association, testifying for the legislation, said "Would you rather the FBI run tax money to pursue burglars or to find hundreds, or even thousands of stolen children?"

Catherine Fox



# Boys' games played in secret



By Susan Riley

While the brightly colored stockholders of the Governor General's Foot Guards paraded their velvet tunics and furry hats before appreciative tourists on Parliament Hill last week, some real-life warriors were holding their own maneuvers less than a block away—and all in utmost secrecy. The American Defense Preparedness Association—an alliance (they don't like the word "lobby") of military, industry and government officials—chose Ottawa as the site for this year's conference on "Trends in Large-Calibre Gun Systems." And although the federal government claimed it was not the official host, it could hardly have been more accommodating.

First, the meeting was held in the government's own Conference Centre—largely because it is easier to provide security there than at a hotel. All 385 delegates from 30 countries had to have clearance of "access or higher," according to the conference program, and anyone who strayed into the building by accident was seen dodging a hail of armed guards. Meanwhile, inside, delegates listened to Canadian officials and others lecture on such topics as Ad-



Advanced Howitzer Technology and the Human Engineering Laboratory Battalion Artillery Test.

Not that the fireworks were restricted to inside the conference centre. Just down the street, in the Connaught, New Democratic External Affairs critic Padine Jewett rose to denounce Canada's involvement—and, particularly, the participation of a Canadian-based multinational, Space Research Corp. In June, the multinational firm, majority-owned by Montreal engineer Gerald Bell, was awarded the United States contract to deliver arms to South Africa. In Montreal, Judge Shaul Benoit is reviewing

Anti-armament crowd, and (right) Jewett in an area to which Canada should listen?

charging a series of similar Canadian charges against Space Research Corp. (Quebec). An RCMP investigation of Space Research, completed some months ago, has still not been made public, said Jewett. In fact, Jewett also told Parliament that the Canadian government is actually being encouraged by some of its officials to buy Space Research rather than lay charges against it, to keep the financially troubled company afloat. The rationale, according to one industry, Trade and

Commerce spokesman, is that Space Research is a world leader in the manufacture of long-range artillery systems and that Canada would lose a valuable entrée into the booming international weapons market if the company goes under. There is also the matter of more than 300 Quebecers employed by Space Research, mostly at the company's factory on the Quebec-Vermont border, 100 km from Montreal. But for Jewett there is a more important issue at stake: "Is this an area where we really want Canada to be a world leader—the creator of new instruments of destruction?" Besides, she says, if Canada does buy the company—through its Crown corporation, Canadian Armaments Ltd.—it could become a business partner with South Africa's state-owned armsmaker, which already holds a 30 per cent interest in the Canadian company. That arrangement would be at odds with the policy outlined by External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan at a parliamentary committee meeting last week. "Canada has been very much at gun's length from South Africa in the figurative as well as literal sense," he said. "We not only do not supply arms to South Africa, but we do not provide an official kind of government assistance for trade."

So, while a small band of demonstrators from church and labor groups made plans to picket the armaments conference to protest the South Africa link, ministers continued to sidestep the issue in the Commons, claiming it will be debated privately by cabinet within the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, Padine Jewett put an unexpected phone call. It was a government official steering her to drop in at the conference. When she arrived on Wednesday morning, she was met by nervous government officials who escorted her to an evening lecture but refused to issue her a carte blanche to wander at will. Her verdict on the basis of her morning visit: "Jargon as hell. Boy's games!"

## New Brunswick

### Slimming down a durable Tory

Richard Hatfield is the most durable Tory premier in New Brunswick history. Since carrying his government to power in 1967, he has twice won re-election while building a national reputation as a champion of social language rights and constitutional reform. But by last week in Fredericton it was obvious Hatfield's endurance was wearing thin, and his long-cherished dream of being among



the architects of a new Canadian constitution is in serious jeopardy.

In the provincial legislature, Liberals were hammering away—and scoring major points—on the most promising issue to descend on them in 1988: the runaway costs and lackadaisical work habits at the Port of entry station power station under construction on the Bay of Fundy coast near Saint John. In a courtroom a few blocks from the legislature, the trial of a former Tory land-owner was continuing, and Hatfield himself had been subpoenaed to testify. And, in a nearby parking lot, an orange Bricks sports car and a wheelie in the sweltering heat—a reminder of Hatfield's most spectacular industrial failure and a reminder of the province's previous premier can seem obsolete during a decade of torpor.

The premier's current survival problem is not time but numbers. Re-elected in October, 1984, his government theoretically has another three years before it must go back to the polls. But its margin in the 50-seat legislature is just 30-21 (plus a Speaker) and several times during this spring's long session it has been further reduced by the illness of members. A fortnight ago, for example, an illness Tory had to be fortified by a telegram from Saint John to Fredericton for a crucial vote. Both demands

Richard Hatfield (left), Dingle, and (above) Labour's lackadaisical workers

place a heavy strain on members, and could, if themselves, persuade the government that the best release is an early election.

Worse, though, is the damaging barrage Liberals have laid down over the Port of entry debacle, including charges last week that political patronage has been involved in the awarding of some contracts for the station project. For a while a locked up though the crisis did not really have a telling impact in Fredericton—until, thanks usually to New Brunswick's new right-to-information laws, they laid their hands on a non-confidential consultants' study which showed "low productivity" at the construction site in 1977 to be abysmally low. On average, workers, including pipelayers, electricians and masons, were actually busy only two hours a day. Another study, done in April, showed productivity had dropped to 18.6 per cent, or 1.5 hours of productive work a day. When N.B. Power blamed unions and contractors for the low output, Liberal leader Joseph Dingle last week said the government itself "must accept full responsibility as manager of the project for whatever problems were there." Leyburn's cost, meanwhile, has

riens from an early estimate of \$400 million to more than \$1 billion now and, with at least 18 months of construction left, nobody is certain what the final tab will be.

The LePage affair has perked up the Liberals noticeably and Duggan, 46, confidently predicts that he and Hatfield, 46, will square off in a general election this fall. The premier, however, does have another option: if, as rumors suggest, several of his cabinet ministers want to retire, he could first test the waters with by-elections.

Last week the beleaguered Hatfield was summoned to court to testify in the trial of Francis Atkinson, a Fredericton



Atkinson's sketch of Atkinson in court: an orange Brinkley mauling in the heat

lawyer charged with paying an Allan (Chowder) Woodworth for inside information on government contracts in connection with Conservative party money-raising. Another witness, Senator and federal Tory adviser Lowell Murray who, it was revealed, received an extra \$15,000 to \$30,000 a year from the Tories (as an added inducement to his \$27,000.50 salary as a deputy minister) to go to Fredericton as a Hatfield adviser for two years ending in 1978. Hatfield said he saw nothing wrong with Murray's being paid to advise on provincial and political matters. He said that in the past he himself had received periodic payments as party leader.

The premier also faced criticism in the legislature last week for another payment he had received—\$1,000 for being part of CTV's political-analysis team on the May 1978 federal election telecast. While hardly the stuff of scandal, opposition members made the most of it by dubbing Hatfield the "moonlighting premier." Indeed, the only really growing cause for Hatfield, who lately had grown rather portly, is that he is now losing weight and that, moreover, he has several other government members in his dietary threat. If nothing else, this meant the party was once again fighting fire. David Fowler

## The demon brew on the corner?

Few issues are as emotionally volatile as the dispensing of alcoholic beverages, and nowhere more so than in New Brunswick, where temperance sentiment runs strong and liquor advertising still isn't permitted. Little wonder then that everybody from civil servants to brewery officials have lately been stepping most soberly around the newest spiritual question: should small grocery stores be allowed to sell beer and wine?

Many store owners, of course, feel they should. They say they need the money and extra customers the sales would bring in to withstand the crushing competition of supermarket chains. Their argument is buttressed by evidence from Quebec that shows that after the Parti Quebecois gave independent grocery permission in 1976 to sell wine, they topped into a \$300-million-a-year business. Says Lloyd Paul, owner of the Silver Falls Variety Store in east Saint John: "It's got to happen here, too. Otherwise our small store owners will just continue to go downhill." That's the view, Paul and his fellow members of the New Brunswick Convenience Stores Association have been hard-pressed to find supporters for their cause. They once thought they had one in New Brunswick Finance Minister Bernard Dubé, but he quickly backed off when he got ink on the issue, and since then government officials have been loath even to raise the subject. Answering a reporter's question about a beer-distribution study that the government and two breweries are doing, New Brunswick Liquor Corporation Chairman Budd Kinney recently warned that the study might be dropped if the press didn't stop speculating about it. And he followed that interview with a press release to all provincial media outlets stating that the corporation did not "now or in the future" plan to recon-

sid beer and wine sales for grocery stores.

What frightens politicians and civil servants is the reaction from church groups and others that such a proposal inevitably triggers. Small storekeepers also suspect the government is reluctant to share its profits on beer and wine sold in its own stores (\$15 million and \$4 million respectively in 1978, not counting taxes). "They don't want to divide the pie," declares Paul.

Less easy to silence has been the stance of the two provincial breweries, Moosehead and Labatt-Glendon, which, instead of vigorously backing the stores, have been at pains to point out that grocery-store beer would be a lot more expensive. It could cost, according to Bruce David of the Maritime brewers association of Canada, up to \$1.50 more per dozen 12-ounce bottles because of extra distribution and warehousing. The breweries, with presumably profitable businesses and ample distribution now, give the impression they'd rather not be bothered.

Since they and the liquor corporation make up all the members of the current beer-distribution study, its outcome—as far as the small stores are concerned—seems a foregone conclusion. Undaunted, Paul says wine, beer, and even the energy crisis are on the side of instant consumer access to beer and wine. "It's going to happen eventually, and we have to keep pushing until it does happen." Later this summer the store owners plan to survey customers in the hope of gathering public support.

David Fowler



Betty Banger buying wine in Montreal grocery. Paul (above): not selling beer in Saint John. Wanting to go down?



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## Winnipeg

### Paying the tab for people power

There was clearly cause for celebration last week as residents of Winnipeg's Windsor Park district congratulated themselves at the successful end of a two-year legal battle to force closure of an asphalt mixing plant. There remained, however, disturbing questions about why the city had refused to uphold its own zoning bylaws. And the cheering of the Concord Citizens of Winnipeg was further muted by their last bill of \$10,000, the bill they felt the city should pay.

The David-and-Goliath saga began in June 1978, when Burger Industries Ltd. opened its plant at 711 Lacrimosa Blvd., in a residential area designated R1 for light manufacturing in enclosed buildings. Neighbourhood residents complained about the roar of trucks from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. and of sickening fumes and dust which coated their gardens and houses. Their complaints to the city's environment committee brought

Burger's right to stay and pollute. Last July, their first victory came when a provincial court fined the firm \$2,500 and ordered it to stop operations. In December, the decision was reversed on county court, but in April the Manitoba Court of Appeal ruled that Burger was breaking zoning bylaws and ordered it to close. It reduced the fine against the company to \$11,000, and said the city had actively encouraged it to locate in a residential area. The final case June 16, when an appeal by Burger to the Supreme Court of Manitoba was refused. Last week the mixing equipment was being dismantled and the firm had moved operations to Earl's Hill, an area outside the city.

"We're finally won, but the city is now screaming in its morning up legal bills suddenly," says Reese. "They claim we could have tested the bylaw by complying in the provincial government and having them rule on it." In fact, his group was told by three independent experts that only the city itself, not private citizens, can ask the province to rule on its bylaws. The city has also told the group should use the money raised in suits to pay off legal bills, with the city perhaps contributing the balance. "It's very

strange," says an exasperated Reese. "When we applied for a licence to raise money, the same city people told us we couldn't pay legal fees with funds raised that way."

Mayor Bill Norrie readily admits that while the city may not have a legal obligation to come through with money, it does have a moral one. That opinion, though, isn't shared by all councillors, and late last week the finance committee was trying to work out a compromise formula which might see the city pay 80 per cent of the Concord Citizens' costs through a grant. That was not good enough for Councilor Joe Zukow, who was holding out for a total bail-out. "By its inaction, the city encouraged the company and forced citizens to do the job it should have done," he said, adding that Winnipeg owes Reese's group not just the money—but an official letter of thanks into the bargain.

Peter Carlyle-Gardner

## Nova Scotia

### Progress and a slap in the face

"When we came here in 1968, this field was so waterlogged you couldn't walk across it," Nova Scotia farmer Robyn Warren remembers, and says his now over 30 acres of newly sprouting wheat at the edge of the Annapolis River an land that used to be flooded each time the tide swept in from the Bay of Fundy. Through hard work and an innovative drainage system, 11-year-old Warren has reclaimed 300 acres and turned it into some of the most productive land in the province. But, 16 km downstream, Premier John Buchanan has late last month turned the use of a tidal-power project which threatens to undo all Warren's efforts and those of other farmers along the riverbanks.

The sod-turning was a historic event, it is the first tidal-power project in North America, and while it's not quite the real thing (it won't be harnessing the Bay of Fundy into their highest point), officials predict that the \$45-million Annapolis River pilot scheme could bring construction of a major project as the bay itself flows by several years. The short-term objective was to test a 350-ton Straflo turbine which should produce 50 million kilowatt-hours of electricity annually (about two per cent of Nova Scotia's needs). The technology isn't new—about 70 Straflo turbines are in use in Europe—but the use of this turbine is twice as large as any of its type now in operation.

Nova Scotia's Acadia was the first



Buchanan touring site, and (right) Warren, working soil and planting crops

to reclaim Annapolis River marshlands, with a system of sluices and dikes built 300 years ago. That eroded over time and was replaced in the early 1960s by a masonry system the mouth of the river. The turbine will be installed in the existing cofferdam but the river level will have to be raised by one metre to make it work. Warren's land sits like a saucer surrounded on two sides by the surrounding Annapolis, only slightly above mean sea level and drained by underground dikes. When the water level is raised the tide system, which now takes water out of the land, will back up, sucking salt water into the soil and killing the crops.

Ironically, it's precisely because Warren is a trailblazer that he now stands to lose the most. He is one of the few farmers on the mainland to use an underground dike system and is the only one to grow anything more sophisticated than hay. He expects to harvest 300 tons of grain and beans this season.

Maric Limited, the Halifax consulting firm that carried out an environmental impact study for the Tidal Power Corporation (a provincial Crown corporation), and Warren's land is a model for the agricultural potential of all the marshlands in the area. It is also that, depending on how high the water level is allowed to go, significant

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### Snack time for the gypsies

Since then Vancouver took over Quebec, and the only one to do so was to dump all gypsy produce. Among the complaints are gypsy milk which was mislabeled but otherwise indistinguishable from so much as a blue-streak special of oak bark or yellow leaves. The larvae have been found in fresh bread in Quebec since 1965 and now they are showing up in other parts of Canada, gypsy eggs having been inadvertently discovered in vehicles en route from Quebec. This summer informed all the provinces. Agriculture Canada is selling out 10,000 moth traps in major cities across the land—mainly to see just how widespread the problem has been.

It is so far from other North American pests to surface over the years, the gypsy moth eggs were deliberately imported from France in 1865 by the well-meaning naturalist Leopold Trevisan, who Wood Gird

land to introduced them with native silk-worms. Also several promptly escaped from Trevisan's laboratory at Montreal, and came to be found within half a century. The gypsy larvae were identified the first time from Quebec. By 1975, they were being out in Vancouver. "We

found it low maize and about 50 egg masses," recalls Ottawa-based Agriculture Canada entomologist Dr. Schmidt. Unfortunately they were in the area of the Disappearance of the New Headwaters. We had quite a battle with them before we were able to say hopefully we got most of them."

Schmidt found the Vancouver gypsies in a single Quebec family which had undergone some 100 years of close to a century and a half.

AgriCan is a red-tinted 7-metre trap, about 25 cm long and 12 cm high, contains artificial female hormone pheromones, with a small net powerful (it can attract many gypsy moths from several kilometres away). If significant numbers are found, AgriCan cancels their reservations with a local supply called Canada. The caterpillars are black and about two inches long, says Schmidt. They have pinkish but sticky, rising upon impact with blue and red knobs. They're not so attractive, though when you see hundreds of them sleeping there. There's only a couple to dinner."

Peter Carlyle-Gardner



Reese, Peter Thachuk and Dennis Kimo celebrating, and (right) new Burger asphalt plant working for official theme

no relief the city legal department said the Burger company will join a "long arm" of having, and eventually refused to get an independent legal opinion or to prosecute the company.

In September, 1978, neighborhood families sued in Concord County, Maine. They raised \$6,794 through rallies and decided to finance a legal test of





# The Buckley stops here

By Gillian MacKay

**H**is father did not have to go to his grave of this. When William F. Buckley Sr., a Texas lawyer turned oil whistleblower, made his millions in the first half of the century, regulators left with enough alone, shareholders—if not always complimentary—at least knew their place and governments were, in general, accommodating. "In those

days, they appreciated a gentleman," teased John W. Buckley over a vodka martini in the bar of Halifax's Hotel Nova Scotia, his New England drawl bearing the plucky impact of English boarding schools and Yale University.

Months earlier, the 60-year-old chairman, clad like a rumpled schoolboy in blue blazer, penny loafers and grey flannels which slipped precariously below his stomach and required an occa-

sional hairpin, had faced the annual meeting of United Canada Oil and Gas.

His gentlemanly qualities were clearly not being appreciated. Charges of incompetence and cost-cutting crumbled in the hot air like pistol shots. A group of shareholders, led by four oilmen from Alberta and Texas, were seeking to depose him and his fellow directors and install themselves on the board of United Canada, by far the richest in the stable of Buckley oil companies since Venezuela nationalized the family's other oil properties in 1976.

The challenge, highly unusual in Canadian corporate history, has placed the obscure Alberta-based oil and gas company in the public spotlight in recent weeks. The results of the vote taken at the annual meeting will not be made public until July 15, when the meeting resumes, but the muddling-up of the battle that preceded it had already taken its toll. "It's expensive, divisive and time-consuming—and the years never heal," said a red-faced and chain-smoking Buckley, whose famed anti-conservative family includes brothers William F., editor of the *National Review*, and James L., a former Republican U.S. senator. Battered in the past decade by hostile shareholders, noisy regulators and left-leaning governments, business Buckley-style just isn't what it used to be. Naval Buckley wearily. "It's like the lobster plague."

While Buckley finished his drink, John Doby, the 45-year-old millionaire oil consultant who leads the dissident group, was chewing out of the dark blue suit he had performed so well in at the meeting. Blasted with relief rather than victory, and sporting a huge Ultramarine jacket and white two-gallon Calgary Stampede hat, Doby headed out to stow his "I have been so tense, I could hardly eat," he said on a nearby restaurant later on. An Alberta farmer's son who earned his PhD in engineering at Oxford, Doby and his rough-hewn colleagues have been labelled as take-over conspirators (a term one of them is associated with) by Page Petroleum Ltd., a fast-growing aggressive junior exploration firm) and derided by Buckley as lacking foreign expertise ("I hear he's a Rhodes scholar," Buckley was quoted as saying recently in the Halifax press. "That means he's been across the Atlantic twice.") But Doby, who portrays himself rather piously as a redresser of wrongdoing and champion of the little man, was feeling charitable over his beer and shrimp. "I feel sorry for John Buckley," he said earnestly.

He couldn't feel all that sorry, how-

Buckley (left), Buckley, challenger of status of opposing directors, seems never less

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ever, to have made the leap in a year from passive investor in what he considered an underdog stock to millionaire for its top spot. Duly blamed the company's mediocre performance on Buckley's leadership, which is all but cemented in place by a restriction limiting any shareholder, or a group acting in concert, to 1,000 votes regardless of their holdings. This means that although the 12-member dividend group owns 6.6 per cent of the shares, and Buckley less than one per cent, their voting power is roughly equal. Duly says he signed that bylaw—and hence the Buckley's—days were numbered under the new Canada Business Corporations Act. Last fall, however, United Canada received shareholder approval to move its head office to Toronto, which has a more lenient corporate law, and the fight was on. So Duly of the battle which played itself out in courtrooms, newspaper ads and letters to shareholders, estimated to cost each side at least half a million dollars. "It was like waging a corporate war and wounding the enemy," he says.

If tensions were kept largely under control at last week's meeting, it reflected mutual suspicion more than a lack of strong feeling. The company stopped the entire proceedings. "I asked my committee if the company threatened," said Duly. "These people could sue at the drop of a hat." The dissidents, in turn, fired their own court response—to keep the tapes honest. Tension was high, however, as the dissidents lobbed up and went to points of order and, along with shareholders who had travelled to Halifax from across Canada and the United States, delivered a hail of further, polite criticisms. Underlying the attacks on United Canada's recurring losses, stagnant growth and barely accomplished cash reserves in the dissidents' contention that because the Buckley's are not large shareholders, they are less interested in the growth of the company than they are in diverting its substantial resources to its Buckley-related concerns. The oft-cited example is a royalty payment made on the \$50-million sale of United Canada's North Sea oil interests in 1975 to the Catewahe Corp., the Buckley family holding company. Shareholders were paid a dividend based on the purchase price but Catewahe's royalty was estimated on a \$200-million assumed value for the interests. The relationship with Catewahe, which, until 1978, charged management fees to United Canada is under investigation by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission. Given that at the meeting about recent and seemingly unprofitable investments by United Canada in Buckley-related companies, the chairman was frequently evasive—but surprisingly polite. He preferred to dwell

on the company's bright prospects, particularly in a major exploration project in Australia. The philosophically perturbed boss has father, Buckley says, is to shoot, not for steady earnings but for "the big land play."

Whether or not he ever gets to make that play is a matter that will take more than a few weeks to decide. Whatever the verdict it will almost certainly be challenged by the loser and the dissidents will probably continue to fight the voting restriction in the Nova Scotia courts. If the bylaw is struck down, there will be no lack of interested suitors in the cash-rich company, whose reported \$28 million in assets are measured to be greatly understated. Much as he dislikes disharmony, John Buckley has clearly not seen the end of it. <

## The Savin deadly virtues

It has all the makings of a corporate hitmaking, with the rank and file of competing companies diving for cover and manning the anti-aircraft guns. The Canadian photography machine industry—a plump prize of \$500 million in 1980 to be divided among nearly a dozen manufacturers—braced itself for

a shock this week as a new and aggressive competitor officially opened its Canadian office and began its assault on the market. Normally the arrival of a "me-too" product warrants little more than a yawn from existing producers, but amongst photography companies the appearance this week of Savin Canada, Inc. is an event they have been dreading.

Savin, based in New York, the very other photography company in Canada is the subsidiary of a foreign parent—either U.S. or Japanese—and, like the other company, will continue to be importing rather than manufacturing in Canada. The question on competitors' lips is whether Savin can duplicate in Canada the phenomenal success it has enjoyed in the U.S. Spearheading Savin's entry into Canada is the company's first step outside the U.S. into the \$9-billion-a-year international market—on President Robert Ruffa, hand-picked from the company's Boston office. Ruffa, now 3100 miles in Canadian sales in the first five years—warning competitors that he's "not going to be subtle." It's a challenge to be backed up by a \$1-million ad campaign expected to blanket the market during the next year. Ruffa adds that the company is determined to "win this contest, getting that all but two of the company's 111 employees are Canadian, that all products sold in Quebec will be available in French and that Savin plans to set up research and development (R&D) facilities in Canada by next year.

It all adds up to a formidable challenge—one that Xerox of Canada Inc., most of all, cannot ignore. Biggest manufacturer in the industry, Xerox had a staggering 98 per cent of the market as recently as 1978 until anti-trust rulings forced it to grant licenses to competitors. They quickly flooded the market and whittled the Xerox share down to 60 per cent in Canada today. This time Xerox is determined to dig in its heels. According to one industry source, the company has been so nervous about Savin's entry into the market that it sent a dummy candidate to a Savin interview to scout their plans. The result: a five-page internal company memo which concluded Savin was its "biggest threat in Canada." While Xerox publicly slings off the threat, Vice-President Peter Brophy admits Savin's "intimidating ad budget is a staggering initial investment."

While the struggle between coping giants heats up in the months ahead, the consumer can sit back and reap the rewards. He's not only likely to see some day-glo ad advertising fireworks—but, even better, the fierce competition will likely raise the quality and lower the cost of copying machines.

Ashley Collier



Ruffa, a staggering investment, not subtle

## Sports

# Limelight lost, stardom shrugged

By Hal Quinn

"Ah, I can't stand it. This is the night." If anything the 1987 Canadian Open from a wife's perspective is a agonizing, then from Jim Neilford's it was excruciating. Margie was standing in the night rough on the 15th hole at the Royal Montreal Golf Club on the tournament's final afternoon. Across the fairway, also in the rough, stood another, middle-aged course guard, and looked Jim. His shot off the tee had landed a few feet left of perfect, so he prepared to take his second, over the water hazard, to clear the sand traps protecting the green, to tie the pinning in front. Neilford swung the ball

not been having a good year on the Professional Golf Association tour, but he mentioned one of the reasons after that awkward round. "I'm wearing a couple of sweaters to keep my injured left shoulder warm. It should heal if I don't put any more golf swings on it." Those not knowing golf, or what it's like to play any game in pain, could look as Neilford's third and fourth rounds, his rapid exit from contention and the crumple of the final day, as a predictable fate of Canadians, of "looking" under pressure.

The pressure, one might think, came in the persons of Jack Nicklaus, the Golden Bear, winner of more major championships (18) than any other

round understandably. "Not a good one." And the Bear added, "It's not that I've been long enough that playing with Lee and I with the big gallery shouldn't bother him." But other things were bothering Neilford. Margie and Jim knew "People expect more of me at the Canadian Open, and I expect more of myself in this one too." Not earlier he had said, "The shoulder injury started out as a strained muscle. It hasn't healed and I'm finching when I hit the ball. I've had to create a new swing to reduce tension on the shoulder." And of the third round, Margie said, "I think, it bothered him a little bit playing with Nicklaus and Trevino but, really, Jim's just playing on adrenalin to get past the pain in the shoulder. Lee was very considerate and kind, but Jack played as slowly—they were both taken behind the group in front—and then he beat Jim as much as anything." When her husband lifted the ball into the water on 15, Margie said, "You see, he put me's strong enough with that shoulder." Perfed to take a penalty and drop another ball—this time on the plush fairway grass—Neilford stood it over



popped out of the long grass toward the green—and landed with a splash, halfway across the water. "Oh gawd," she said, "I really can't stand this, it's awful." His thoughts, if any, didn't pin his lips.

It hadn't been that way two days earlier, as soggy rains pelted the course. Neilford had just finished a par round that, paired with his opening round 68 (two under par), put him in contention—a Canadian with a shot at the Open. Neilford, from Burnaby, B.C., has

Neilford (left) and Glider: non-shouldered golfer and a publicity star change

played only a week earlier had won his second fourth U.S. Open with a record score, and Lee Trevino, three-time winner of the Canadian (including last year's), who has as many victories for the gallery as he has titles. Neilford played with golf's most charismatic twosome for the third round. Certainly, when it was over and Neilford had followed to a 78, Nicklaus described him

the water, missing the sand traps, and certified it close to the pen. "You see," and Margie, more a partner than an everyday "golf widow," "this is awful."

For their trials, the Neilfords walked home early with \$850 as did Canadian Roger Klatt. Top senior player was Dan Hallderson, who won \$100,000, co-tourneyer Jerry Aderson, \$75,000, Gar Hamilton and Dave Barr \$70,000 and Bob Benichien \$68,000. The third-round winners, Trevino and Nicklaus, went home with \$14,775 and \$6,183.

The anonymity cloaking the endurance good looks of Neri and even more so, the fellow Canadian, was something sought after by the winner, Bob Gilder of Corvallis, Ore. He has been doing admirably in his quest to avoid superstardom during his 4½ years as the star. His on-under-par finish, 8-10, including 10th-round victory over the Open winner and Chicago fan \$63,800 will probably do little to change things. "I'm not a superstar," Gilder said after his two-shot win over Larry Pate and Leonard Thompson, "and I don't know I really don't want to be one. I just want to make a good living without too much publicity."

Gilder's as not a presence that makes Open memorable. It was evident even on the final nine holes of the tournament. Over the sun-splashed rolls and water-lined fairways, the thousands of spectators clamored for vantage points to glimpse tee shots by Nicklaus and Tom Watson, elbowed close to hear the jokes of Trevisi, raised cardboard periscopes to watch the putts of Johnny Miller, Gary Player and Tom Weiskopf. But as the scoreboards around the course flashed that Gilder had gone to nine under, the thoughts stayed with their "superstars," content to wait until Gilder and Pate played into view.

But the off-beat of drama, penned by the arch-magician, fructured away. As Gilder appeared to falter, Pate missed birdie putts on the 12th and 13th, gulped a seven iron into the sand at 15 ("That's where I lost the tournament"), then hooked his tee shot into the water. Gilder at 18 ("I were here when I last hit the ball left") flapper after it was over, Gilder said, "I could tell the crowd wanted a real exciting finish, but I didn't want any of that." Happened by his win, Gilder lingered briefly in the limelight. When he drove his wife had said her knees were knocking as he played the final holes, he said, "Well, if she knew how I felt standing over those putts, her knees should have broken on them." And when told that the Canadian Open will take up some new rounds for the next 15 years at the Glen Abbey course which Nicklaus built outside Toronto, Gilder mused, "Oh man, I hope I'm not around that long. Heck, there are too many great places in Canada, too many beautiful places to visit to have the Open in a permanent site."

So Bob and Penny Gilder departed. He'll soon leave for England to try and qualify for the British Open and ship back into shambly. And after a night on the town, the British and home on to the next stop on their rounds. The Nelsons departed with Margie hoping to convince Jim to take a long rest to heal the shoulder before taking another charge at the limelight. ☐

## A summer that's coming up beans

It's almost enough to make Ron Hunt want to come out of retirement. Hunt, who played 22 seasons in the National Baseball League (the last four with Montreal), was a decent journeyman player. He would have come and gone with little notice had it not been for a popular "talent" for being hit by pitched balls. When he retired in 1975, Hunt left with two major league rec-



George and Gilder players scuffle after Cowens chased Farmer, rubbing his wound.

ords—most times hit by a pitch in a single season, 30, and most times hit in a career, 243. No one wants to break his records, but this season it seems like he's trying.

The Expos went through the 1979 season without placing a player on the disabled list, but this year two have already been shelved after being hit by pitches. Star outfielder Ellis Valentine was struck in the face by a line from St. Louis Cardinal pitcher Ray Thomas on May 30. His left cheekbone was fractured in six places. Only last week was he able to start jogging and take batting practice wearing a modified football helmet. Team mate Larry Parrish was hit on the right wrist by San Francisco's Ed Whelan. After playing a few more games Parrish was forced out, the wrist placed in a cast. He, too, just started practicing again last week. Including the three times outfielder Andre Dawson has been hit (one a cost him four games), the Expos have been hit 11 times in their first 56 games. Expos pitchers have hit 12 opponents.

But what may start Hunt thinking has been the spectacle of players (Bos-

ton's Jim Rice—fractured wrist; Texas' Rusty Staub—fractured finger) being hit and batters rubbing the rubbers' mounds in retaliation. Of the rubbers this year, Detroit Tiger Al Cowens has been the most dramatic. He hit the ball to the shortstop last month, but rather than trot to first base, he headed straight for the mound and Chicago White Sox pitcher Ed Farmer. Farmer has filed criminal charges. In May of 1979, when Cowens played for Kansas City and Farmer for Texas, a Farmer pitch fractured Cowens' jaw.

League statistics, however, indicate

that it's just an average year. In 1978, 222 American League batters were hit. After 456 games that year, 186 have been hit. Last year in the National League 322 batters were hit, and after 389 games that year, 127 have been hit. Average or not, it's tough for a team like the Toronto Blue Jays. Outfielder Rick Bown protected his face from a pitch by Texas Ranger Bob Lickchuck last week and suffered a fractured arm. Jay Rob Rafter had a base in his left wrist cracked by a pitch during an exhibition game. Alfredo Griffin has been hit four times. Duane Garcia was hit in the arm by Ranger Perguson Jenkins after he had hit a junking pitch for a home run in their previous meeting. Outfielder Al Woods was hit in the back by Oakland's Rick Langford after hitting a home run and a double in his first two at bats. A bench-clearing skirmish followed.

In their first 56 games the Blue Jays were hit 15 times and the Blue Jays pitched hit 12 batters. Ejections from game time and suspensions may be coming at an average pace, but fans and all-timers are convinced that the "purpose" pitch is alive and well and that Ron Hunt will be leading the league. H.Q.

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## Films

### Riding the midway, missing the bumps

CRITIC

Reviewed by Robert Kaylor

**W**ith its profusion of movement and color, and the exhilarating rush of its perpetual motion, the carnival is a great movie subject. Part of the reason why we go to the movies can be found right there on the midway: the sensation, the exotica, the weirdness, the kinetic jolt it gives us. *Carny* is an attempt to evoke that world and the people who traffic in it—a world-off-o'-cane surrounded thick with amusements and vibrancy. The physical peculiarities—the sword-swallowers, the bearded lady—we watch with a skunk-like fascination, thus find the voyeur in us. The cars, and movies with a carnal-like spirit, bring back the terror and pleasure we felt as children while we saw something we weren't supposed to.

The director of *Carny*, Robert Kaylor, goes after atmosphere and gets too much of it: the obvious, contrived lighting and the dramatic musical score hang heavily over the movie so that it takes on a measure of spirit. Kaylor and his scriptwriter, Thomas Dixon, try to get at why the carnal performers have made the choices they have, but the slender and sketchy dramatic framework of the script can't support such psychological weight. Ross (Gary Busey) performs in a cage where people throw balls to knock him into the water below. They get their aggression out and he gets his out by taunting them. Busey affirms this time of tension, it gives him release and there's an exciting undercurrent of danger attached to it. Busey's older-toughest spunk at the crowds are phenomenally well-played and the character of Ross crashes through inside the cage.

Guss (Bess) is out of the cage, however, the movie doesn't have a clear what to do with him. The story line, involving his relationship with a runaway girl (Jodie Foster), the current process of assimilation (and his partner, Patrick the depressed Bobbie Robertson), doesn't tell us much about any of them. Kaylor never jumps on the merry-go-round and lets the movie run crazy. And he feels the need to constantly elicit our sympathies for the carnal type—people worthy of our pitying from the very beginning. Perhaps that's why *Carny* is so qualified and never pans anywhere—it's too busy trying to get started. We keep asking, as in the Patsy Ken song is that all there is? **Lawrence O'Toole**

## Lifestyles

# THE NATURE WOMAN

A new force breaks through

By Barbara Amiel

*When I enter an office in the company, the first thing they say is, 'How old are you?' I say 26, because employers have this image of the over-40 woman. I don't mind being 'ripe.' I enjoy being an attractive, energetic, mature woman. So I don't explain that over the telephone. So I don't say my age and go off to the interview and I just about always get the job. —Margaret English, 46, Victoria*

**T**hey are not superwomen. They have stacked the burden of being that 37th birthday female who combined house, family and career with morning good looks, daily visits to the health club and night classes in Mandarin Chinese. Or gourmet cooking. Now see they buy the little brown-tissue smudge that previous decades laid off the middle-aged woman a latex and blue-rose straitjacket that restricted the wife's role almost exclusively to that of a supportwoman to husband and children, and considered divorce as squandered in the post-40 set as the stamp of failure. The mature woman of today is as close to being her own person as any group—or generalization—can be. She cannot be easily pigeonholed. She may be content as a mother and wife. She may have a second career. She may be single or divorced or separated. She most likely has one foot in the land of traditional values that her mother subscribed to and the other foot firmly planted in the new world of women's lib. Often she's a hybrid combining the best values of both.

The tolerance of society toward her new range of roles is a clear indicator of changing attitudes toward such basic institutions as the family. The middle-aged woman has no organized lobbying group, no priors, no policies. When societal change toward her, they are a sign of a substantive shift in values and priorities in society rather than a con-



Photo © J. J. Smith

**S**hermy (Judy, Weiss) at work in a business suit too much longer

crete one. And change there has been in economic terms who has more said. She has always had significance as the manager of the family budget. Now, with 56 per cent of women in the mature woman age bracket (35-54) employed outside the home, economists estimate her age group commands an even greater share of the country's disposable income. Her purchasing power is an aging society median age in 1989, 38.1, and going to 36.3 by 2000 means market men and manufacturers are targeting products and advertising at her. Universities deal with post-baby-boom babies have discovered the mature

women as the most promising candidate to fill empty classrooms. Most dramatically, the attitude of the medical profession to the problems of menopause—problems that once got a low priority or even outright dismissal as a "feminine concern"—have gained new respectability, highlighted by the opening last April of the Mature Women's Clinic at Toronto General Hospital (7503), the first such centre in Canada to deal exclusively with the problems associated with the change of life.

But it is in lifestyle options that the shifting attitudes toward women of a certain age, and of these women themselves, can best be seen. According to a recent poll of Metropolitan Toronto commissioned by the *Toronto Star*, only 21 per cent of families now have a traditional stay-at-home mother, while increasing numbers of women are choosing to remain single or, if married, childless. Typical examples described a 41-year-old happily married and childless-by-choice wife and an accomplished, attractive 35-year-old single professional woman. At the same time, the range of role models for middle-aged women has diversified dramatically from the glamour and talent combination of a *Lois Cliveden* (47) or Betty Kennedy (50), to the achievement of

Photo © J. J. Smith





ably all knowledge about sexual aging. Explains Vancouver's Barbara Willett, director of public relations for the British Columbia Lanes Society for Crippled Children, "Of course I spend my money on grooming and appearance. I'm out in the work market and I have to comb my hair 10 times a day more than the 30-year-old-to-look-presentable." Nor is life a picnic for the divorced career woman.

"Married men worry that their stay-at-home wives will get ideas from me," says Willett, "and married women see me as a threat to their husbands."

In Toronto, stylish Barbara McNabb, the head of her own firm specializing in public relations for corporate clients and financial institutions, is quite candid. "No, I won't tell you my age. I intend to keep working when I'm 70 and I don't want that age to be held against me. Nor will I ever develop a public personality. You see it would be better if I was a married career woman, but since I've always been single, I have to keep my private life absolutely discreet and unknown." For the mature woman, it all adds up to the old emphasis on appearance, which proves nothing but that our society, like all others in history, still places great emphasis on the sexual attractiveness associated with a woman's period of fertility. "Although," as Toronto psychiatrist Andrew Malcolm says, "so many male hormones (sexual) has discovered, power can compensate for a lot of sex and passion."

**New Frontiers:** When Nana Cole of Oakville, Ont., went into menopause her life became a nightmare. "It was those dreadful hot flashes," explains Cole. "My face would suddenly be as red as a beet and my hair would suddenly be coming out. Going into a shop was a nightmare. I didn't know when I would start shaking and sweating." It was a nightmare shared with her family. "They didn't understand why my face went so red, so I couldn't cope with the official little things—like a change of schedule. I was too embarrassed and confused to continually explain."

The medical profession itself remains far from anxious about the specifics of menopause. Close consideration of natural aging stage, many doctors are now approaching it as a pathological degenerative state to be appropriately treated with hormone-replacement therapy. When a woman's reproductive cycle ends in her mid-to-late 40s, the balance of hormones in her body alters drastically. Still, 85 per cent of all women breeze through the change of life with no symptoms other than the cessation of the menstrual cycle; 50 per cent have minor symptoms such as hot flashes and problems with sexual capabilities and emotional and psychological states. Since calcium levels drop one per cent each year after menopause, co-



off making her mother, Nancy (right), Ontario Gold and Gold at clinic, middle-aged women.

roporous—a bone disorder—becomes an increased risk. As a result, 14 years after menopause women are 14 times more likely than men to suffer hip fractures, and of those 97 per cent will die of the complications from surgery.

But for years menopause was low on medical priorities. Says Dr. Charles Gold of Toronto's Mature Women's Clinic: "It was the Women's Movement that forced doctors to start paying attention to the very real problems and questions women had about that time of their life. Mind you, in Toronto, we couldn't do much prior to the '60s except give out tranquillizers and reassuring pain on the head. It took the pharmaceutical and scientific research of the '60s on hormone function to help us. And that knowledge was first used to solve the major problems of fertility and contraception. With those areas pretty much under control, finally we had the time to move into helping women deal with menopause."

"It made all the difference to me and my family," says Nana Cole, now as

hormone therapy under careful monitoring by Dr. Raymond Ghera of the Mature Women's Clinic. "I recognize myself again. The most terrifying thing of all, apart from the physical discomfort and fear, is to dislike the person you've become." Says Dr. Ghera: "Women like Nana Cole who suffer severe symptoms are best treated with estrogen. The problem is that today women can't pick up a magazine without seeing another scare article about the link between cancer and estrogen. That's part of the reason this clinic is here—to provide information and answers."

The need was acute. On April 13, the Toronto Sun published a short item about the opening of the clinic. The next morning, in the first hour of its operation, the clinic received 45 calls on its single line until the phone was taken off the hook. When the expansion program of the Toronto General Hospital is completed next fall, the clinic will quickly move into larger quarters.

Expansion plans aimed at the mature woman have been taking place in less altruistic areas. Clothing manufacturers are now making jeans with extra room for "mature figures." The hair-product firm, Clairol, has just completed a top-secret study on older hair-Christians. Their entry the ready-to-wear market thus fall with a less armed—and priced higher—at the older woman, described in the press release as "this ever-narrowing demographic group." And the dream manufacturers themselves, the cosmetic empires, are launching whole new product lines aimed at the aging faces and bodies of the older woman, with promotion budgets that, even by the multimillion-dollar

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the standards of the purveyors of image creams, seem unusually large. Last May, after four years of research and development, Elizabeth Arden's Cosmetics launched its new *Millennium line*—a treatment program for the over-30 woman prepared to spend a fairly hefty \$120 for its four products whose claims are steeped up quite heavily in older skin. Cosmetics, it turns out, have been competing *Prozac*wise line-after-line to launch here next year and compete with *L'Oréal's* briskly selling *Rejuvena* Creme products for "aging skin." The significance in all this has in the abetting of the cosmetic manufacturers who believed, until very recently, that the middle-aged woman was an unimportant market. Their needs, whether vital or frivolous, had been ignored.

**The Cost.** Together with all the evidence of new vitality are the mounting expenses of middle-aged crises. A 1977 Rand Corporation study in the U.S. found that wives with jobs have more drinking problems than housewives or single women. Another shadow on female middle-aged fullness is formed in statistics showing increased rates of heart disease, cigarette smoking, lung cancer, suicide and auto-related deaths. The reasons offered for the figures make sense: women are becoming more like men in their opportunities for advancement—and stress.

Social workers also report that the rates of divorce and separation are increasing among older age groups. "Ten years ago," says Louise Bailey of Metro Toronto's Separation Support Services, "separations were rare. It meant the coupler had failed. Now, sometimes we all agree that separation and divorce are the only ways to resolve problems."

The problem of financial planning—or rather the lack of it—in the middle years is acute. "What will I do when I'm 70?" asks Toronto's Jennifer Bell. "I wouldn't take a job because of its pension. And I'm not going to worry about what will happen in the years ahead. Who can plan for the future?" In fact, if there is one concern there is the dilemma of single and divorced middle-aged women, it is as apparent lack of concern with their financial future. With society's consciousness raised to the "rights" of the mature woman, all that's left to do is to raise the consciousness of the middle-aged woman as to the long-range concept of her own social responsibilities. Says Toronto's Barbara McNabb: "I make the distinction between these women, like myself, who have to pay for their own insurance premiums and pension plans, and those who have a husband's shelter over their heads. The difference is worlds apart."

Other differences emerge. Few women seem to have the McNabb attitude of calm self-sufficiency free from any bitterness. In spite of the repeated

use of sentiments about the pleasures of independence, conflicts surface. Willett talks candidly about the agonizing problems of loneliness for the older divorcer woman and describes, with ruthless honesty, her jealousy on seeing her ex-husband with another woman. "I don't love him anymore. But it's just awful how you can't escape those feelings," Jennifer Bell hurls up her single status with a cynical attack on marriage. "How many good marriages have you ever seen?" she asks. "I haven't seen them. Dependence isn't love."



Louise Bailey, (clockwise below) Willett, Bailey, Kennedy, Willett, breaking the women's barrier.



That's loneliness. On a broader scale, second careers have not always brought with them the satisfaction expected.

None of this is surprising. Our concept of reality missing from the richness of women's liberation is cold facts about the world of work. Though most careers may be new, most men in the labor force are not executives. The glamour of the world-out there for the middle-aged woman leaving the security of husband

and home and finding herself in an ordinary job cannot help but fall short of dreams of boardroom status and executive powerhouses.

Still, whether or not it turns out to be a happier life, society is committed to encouraging women to enter the labor force and has clearly removed the stigma attached to being an unmarried woman or a childless one. The results—smaller families and predictions, such as those of Ben Seligman of the University of Toronto's School of Social Work, that by 1985 close to 20 per cent of Canadian families will be childless. If the statistics hold, the making of Canadian society will certainly be altered. The better-educated Canadians will tend to be childless, while Canadians on the lower socioeconomic scale and new Canadians attracted by women's lib will dominate the majority worlds. Whether this is a good or bad thing for Canadian society is impossible to predict. It is certainly a consequence of current trends and one that seems to be stubbornly ignored—except in Quebec, which is considering giving a woman \$240 for every child she has.

But for the mature woman who has the best of all possible worlds—husband, family and career—the new possibilities of life are sweet indeed. In Toronto, Elaine Selway, 45, remembers the unhappiness of her first birthday. "I wanted marriage, something with my car and a family, with perhaps a little romance work on the side for diversion. I went to parties in tulle dresses and waited for the husband who would save everything." The husband, and three children followed. But the nagging sense that there was something more to life would not go away. Part-time employment in university only deepened Selway's sense of guilt in abandoning her "duty" to her mother. "I remember sitting in my beige bagel-glass after eight years of marriage. My children were crying. My husband was playing cards with some friends and I was suddenly filled with the feeling that there was no beauty in my life." But Elaine Selway was middle-class blessed—in the best possible sense. She had a supportive husband with a growing law practice. She was just about to be swept up in the first blushes of the Women's Movement. In all "taken together," Rosalind Selway "I no longer felt guilty about my unhappiness. I felt lucky that there was something I wanted to do that I enjoyed."

She got a master's degree in English. She worked in the Institute for Child Study and in the Department of Women's programs at the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto. And on the side she teaches English at York University, with special emphasis on the literary perspectives of the family.

And she is, in stark residential, only just middle-aged. ☐



## Books

# 'A going-away gift to society'

SOMEONE WITH ME  
by Willem Karel  
\$24.95 (hardcover) and \$14.95 (pbk)

"I'm telling you this story, I will have to be quite open," Willem Karel wrote at the start of this pathologically published autobiography. "Actually I have no choice but to be quite open because I'm not a good writer." Which is like saying that he won't spend greater simply because he worked in the (for want of a better phrase) urban primitive style. The prose—the putting—is simple, representational and evocative, and though it tells a tale, it's more important, perhaps, for its mood than its message.

Karel had eight or 10 years of acclaim behind him when he died of cancer in 1977, aged 56. He was especially beloved for his Toronto allegiances and for the disastrous in such children's books as *A Prince and a Winter*. But though his work and his press clippings always landed at some bleak spot, there was never much comprehension of what he had gone through on the way to cancer. Someone With Me reads like that vacuum—in quotes. Not to put too fine a point on it, Karel was a haunted, tormented man who endured devil of his own making until finding solace in the Catholic Church.

The simple reflections of *Someone With Me* is a string of children's books do not pick up the tale of his early years on a Manitoba farm, except perhaps in these chapters. Karel's father had come from the Ukraine with \$5, a wooden suitcase and "a heavy load of bitterness and suspicion." As the son tells it, he was a brutish, insensitive, hands-off type who misinterpreted youthful glimmers as a sign of his own failing. This emotional existence went together with the harsh landscape in a total gestalt of despair. Karel lived inside his head and monsters lived in there with him. At length, in what turned out to be a psychosomatic complaint, his eyesight began to fail.

When Karel escaped—first to Winnipeg, then to the Ontario College of Art and finally to Britain—he took with him a sense of estrangement that made for the disastrous in such children's books as *A Prince and a Winter*. But how the world said who pointed a "going-away gift to society" entitled *I Put on Life* ("one of my biggest, most pleasant works"). He faded slowly to get into a British mental institution and, once inside, took a more serious stab at it. At all told, he was under supervision for four years and was both pleased and terrified by the electric shock treatments. He seemed 99-per-cent washed-up. "For

Healing (his) (left) from 'A Prince and a Winter', Karel, mothers lived with him.



It was only religion that was collected in my life and only religion that saved me."

Here the tone changed considerably. Drawn to Catholicism only after years of religious study, Karel took to it with deep-felt conviction. His mental and physical health improved and his art passed through a devotional stage before he finally found his place with the world he is now remembered by. This part of the story can be embarrassing at times for Karel began humming around, spinning an incoherent number of homosexual advances and just generally behaving in his own inner peace as though it were a pair of boots.

Yet there is never any sense that Karel was simply finding a substitute for his past unhappiness. The writing is the same direct and honest stuff he used in remembering his earlier days. Karel tells how of his attempts at premarital but did not hide the effect by trying to convince the public of anything but his own sincerity. So in the end, two things are obvious. First, that one doesn't necessarily have to believe to believe that he believed. Second, that, if only because of the clarity for which he chastises himself, is one of the most telling documents in Canadian art.

Dore Fetherling

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At Andrews, the two men discussed the 1972-73 season, which yielded

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**THE THIRD OF DAFNEIDS**  
by Thomas Eizer  
\$6.95pb, 524 pp.

He is at once unusual. Elder was an Olympic medalist with the Canadian Equestrian Team. He has published volumes of his poetry, has made films, been a television personality, a radio announcer, has explored the Sahara, the Arctic, New Guinea, Bali, Nepal and the remote corners of Argentina. In his new book we learn little about what prompts him. The series of short, preferably illustrated chapters begins with him flying to the Amazon to try to find a new language. He is disappointed when Lucania is uncertain and when *shabattaya* may be hostile. No matter: Elder just picks up a translator (who turns out to know neither English nor the native tongue), buys out of the swamp and hopes for the best. No footnotes, underlines, or hints. The series of chapters, each illustrated, is a fast, fun, and thoroughly informed read. The book contains mainly of current and Kool-aid.

We begin to see why the natives accept him. He is so patient that although he talks about having to sit for hours on

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Three children waiting for dinner of moose meat bachelors, plotting water and family heading north on Christy's rough road, as they head on the Panama Canal



and waiting out storms, he never mentions boredom. He is brave without ever seeing himself as heroic. "I have always enjoyed the challenge of hostile environments and often wondered how I would fare in a wrestling match with a giant snake . . ." Which he then arranges and narrates in a deadpan style as if describing a trip on a commuter train, although the snake very nearly wins. Further, he is so in love with the jungle and river that snakes may have seen him to be an underestimating as an Oxford man with a butterfly net.

Elder's americanism sticks him in good stead. He notes that his acceptance in the ways of the jungle showed the natives he posed no danger to them. His pen-and-ink sketches are clear and expressive although unapologetic. His prose style is plain and effective. But most of all it is his ability to be so unprejudiced, being overcame that gives the book its impact. He records the cruelty of the natives toward animals (all the more painful because of Elder's apparent love), the local foods such as baby-monkey hands which he eats without guile, the unpleasantness of the surrounding insect life—without flinching or remonstrating. His respect for the people with whom he lived allows him to see himself—and all accompanying civilization—as they must see him. His descriptions and observations are often insightful without trespassing their own importance. . . . Now I felt four deeper than I had ever known it. . . . The world was suddenly serious.

Much of what he describes is repellent. But because he lacks moral pre-

spectives on himself, on his journey and on civilization, he describes it all with a freshness that makes the *American* jungle—and Elder's own interior jungle—seem not paradisaical but real.

David Weinberger

## The journals of a modern explorer

ROUND ROAD TO THE NORTH  
Travels Along the Alaska Highway  
by Jim Christy  
Doubleday (\$19.95)

There's this 3,500-km highway from Dawson Creek, B.C. to Fairbanks, Alaska, and Jim Christy has written a book about it. It's a fine book because Christy knew the road (he Alaska Highway), the dream of . . . well, whatever it is that lies at its northern extremity, and he has the good sense to look to the road and the people as it to tell their own stories. George Washington Carmack is here with Tagish Charlie and Shaskan Jim, the lone man who found gold in Rabbit Creek in 1896, along with the region's explorers and settlers and a string of Indians, Indians, prospectors, sealhounds and cheechaks (tourist traps; there are a lot of those in the book) who followed them and met Christy along the way.

They didn't make the road, of course that was the work of U.S. army engineers who built it in 1942 as a defense against invasion by Japan via Alaska. It was all kind of accidental but, at the time, the soldiers were expecting to be jumped in the morning by the Japanese

army. So they constructed Burma Shave-style signs along the way. This road . . . is built . . . to send the Japs to hell . . . when you build it . . . built it well. Nice. It was deadly work too, plagued by cold and loneliness and mosquitoes and mud that by starting from both ends the army finished it in record time, and in Christy's opinion it rivals the Panama Canal as a first of engineering.

He should know. He has been on the road to and from Fairbanks a lot in the past 30 years, and *Rough Road* is both a modern explorer's journal, with its laconic conventional style and fine descriptions, and one of Christy's continuing investigations into the nature of human beings. There are early settlers' journals and trips with both pilots and even private jets, vignettes of Yukon writers such as Rex Beach and Robert Service and some intriguing impressionistic threads about music and John Wayne and a whole cast of children which appear from time to time. Unfortunately, though they seem important, Christy never really tells you why. He tells you easily the Americans howled into Canada to build their vital causeway, but he never does anything with the rugging fact he says that one day most they'll be back again, only permanently. There are half-eaten snakes like that throughout the book. They don't spoil it but they do leave you hungering for something more. All in all, *Rough Road to the North* is kind of like the sign to be found on Mother's Cooey Corner Restaurant at Haines Junction, B.C. IN SUM, it reads, for you is HOSPITALITY. **Jim Brown**

## Just aping, not talking

NIM & CHIMPERS: Who Learned Sign Language?  
by Herbert R. Terrace  
Holt/Rinehart (\$19.95)

Nim is a chimpanzee who learned sign language. He's not unique; there are lots of chimps out there in primate study centers signing away to each other—as many, in fact, and so successfully that their teachers, mostly psychologists and psychologists specializing in animal behavior, claim change (not to mention dolphins and maybe pigeons) have the same potential to acquire language as human beings. After 25 years of ardent lobbying by the pro-chimp-can-factor, avidly supported by the media (who on earth wants to know that chimps can't talk?), Nim is the first fully researched chimps from the other side. Herbert Terrace's four-year Project Nim forced him to conclude that, despite Nim's aptitude as an ability to sign separate words and phrases with both hands at the same time, and occasionally with his feet, the chimp could not create meaningful sentences spontaneously—a capacity considered by many linguists to be the defining trait of human speech.

Nim is a remarkably new document, given the animosity of this debate. Terrace provides all the requisite statistics and charts plotting Nim's progress through over 60,000 recorded incidents of signing, but this hard-core empirical evidence is surprisingly downplayed.

Instead, Terrace's narrative focuses on the strong emotional interaction between Nim and his teachers/trainers by detailing his upbringing in a human family and the intense stresses imposed upon him by the continual cooing and goading of his teachers, some 60 of them in all. These disruptions were reflected in his linguistic progress—his learning curve flattened noticeably each time a favorite teacher left the project.

Although these incidents were so far for Nim, they did prove Terrace's point: language acquisition by chimps can be directly correlated to their socialization and the emotional bonds they form with their teachers. But there's a sad paradox here. The closer the bond between chimp and teacher, the more attuned the chimp will be to unconscious cues as revealed by the teacher's body language, and his linguistic "performance" will therefore improve, yet the all-important spontaneity and creativity of the performance diminishes proportionately.

Terrace's videotapes of Nim and other chimps showed that such conditioning proceeded throughout and severely qualified experimental results. Terrace doesn't believe that even under optimal conditions Nim could match a human child's capacity for language acquisition, nor has he any suggestions as to how this inevitable double bind imposed upon both chimp and teacher by the demands of objective scientific research can be resolved.

These disappointing conclusions were made bitter-sweet, however, by the collaboration of living with another species perfectly capable of expressing

Nim signing with teacher Jean Marsh, direct talk, yes—flap, no—flap—can't



recognizable emotions in the most touching and direct manner. Always undervalued in his narratives of events, Terrace doesn't ignore his self-reflectivity or acknowledging and his insights are simply illustrated by more than 200 riveting photographs. Although Project Nim didn't provide the final answers to Terrace's questions, "human" contact was definitely established.

Mark Cisaricki

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICTION

- 1 *Joshua Tree and Moon*, Fletcher (12)
- 2 *The Boy Who Swam*, LaFollette (11)
- 3 *Freedom Winter*, Pines (10)
- 4 *Providence Valley*, Korman (9)
- 5 *Smiley's People*, Le Carré (8)
- 6 *Safe*, Attridge (7)
- 7 *The Girl in the Red Dress*, Anderson (12)
- 8 *The Goodbye Heart*, French (10)
- 9 *Lies Before Men*, Alford (10)
- 10 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (9)

### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave*, Toffler (10)
- 2 *The Nightwatcher's Wife*, Tolson (12)
- 3 *The Road War*, Klose (10)
- 4 *Confessions*, Jones (10)
- 5 *Man in Love*, Forster (10)
- 6 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit from Inflation* (revised edition), Shostrom (9)
- 7 *Man in the Shadow*, Swartz (10)
- 8 *Wills*, Lundy (10)
- 9 *Am First's Second Rock of Remedy*, Pines (10)
- 10 *How to Chase*, Friedman (10)

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## Music

# The sound of perfect silence

When Jerry Raska's about the half of Toronto's Westbury Hotel is shut down the air conditioning at a recent luncheon, it wasn't a civil he was trying to avoid but decide Raska, the vice-president of marketing for disc inc., had gathered a group in a warm, smoke-filled conference room to demonstrate the first true stereo photograph record for stereo buffs, who have spent the past 16 years

searching to update systems with what seemed like monthly advances in electronic design. It was a long-awaited phenomenon—a record that can actually produce as much, or as little, sound as spotlight stereo systems can handle.

Apart from the advent of the LP in the '40s and stereo-phonograph sound in the '50s, records themselves have remained fundamentally the same since the time of Robert Noyce, with a recording process that doubles the volume of the quietest sounds and reduces the loudest by half, disc, a New England electronics firm, has managed to eliminate the ticks and pops that for so long have plagued

When the record is played through disc's small black adapter box (priced at \$699), the sounds are restored to their original levels. The result is a much wider dynamic range and a complete suppression of soft surface noises. The music emerges from a background of utter silence and the crash of a cymbal or the bang of a bass drum can blow a speaker.

This major advance in recording technology was the outgrowth of several years of pioneering as the part of small mastercard audiophile labels in search of the perfect recorded sound. Although more had ever denied the irritating noises on LPs, the major record companies, such as Capitol, RCA and Columbia, were not convinced there would never money invested in higher qual-

ity pressing and record-cutting techniques. The first risk taker was a small California label, Sheffield Lab, which decided nine years ago to try recording directly onto the master disc, eliminating the taping process and its inherent noise—tape hiss and sound distortion. At the same time, Sheffield used nearly low-noise pressing facilities in Germany, producing a record with a noticeably quiet surface and a wide

development itself. The mere handful of North American direct-to-disc labels has grown to 12 since 1978 and Gray Acoustics, Canadian distributor for Sheffield and four other audiophile companies, sold some 25,000 records at a whopping \$50 each. This success has already turned the heads of the major labels after watching a remastered and custom-pressed version of The Beatles' *Abbey Road* sell more than

100,000 in the U.S. last year, CBS Records decided to take the plunge with its own Mastercard series. Produced at CMA's Toronto plant with a modified pressing technique on virgin vinyl (unlike the reground material used in conventional pressing), the first releases, among them Bruce Cockburn's *Dancing in the Dragon's Skin* for \$16.99, provided convincing evidence that the big companies were willing to match the smaller audiophile label standards and that flawless reproduction is not monopolized by the Japanese and German pressing houses. A&M Records of Canada has also introduced an audiophile line

which includes the pop group Supertramp's albums.

Both other labels adopted the digital system of recording, which became available in North America two years ago. A computer-like process can make a record—again, avoiding the standard taping process—digital process perfect sound reproductions at home, but only when coupled with a laser turntable—a feature that is, at best, five years into the future. In the meantime, the disc has one also done these signals, realizing the potential of digital records for home listening long before it was expected. Only time will tell whether more than just the stereo add-on is love with perfect sound is willing to pay this price for the sound experience, but for the moment it is enough that there is even the choice. **Alan Lofth**



disc also no adapter box more ticks and pops

dynamic range. Despite its price tag of \$50 and the slowness of its artists, the disc, *Luciano's Mopart* and *Dunaway's Collapsing Volume 1*, was a sotto-stunner, a call hit in hi-fi stores across the country. Other small companies followed Sheffield's lead, including Canada's Umbrella label which produced the first direct-to-disc rock recording, *Rough Trade Live!*, in 1978. (To date, most audiophile recordings are classical.)

The public's ready acceptance of the high cost of their finer recordings—despite last year's general sales slump—is almost as remarkable as the

# Shadows shining in the limelight



Liberman, Streisand and Elton perform at the Elton John Music Hall, the White House

The identity of the spotlight puppets is unmistakable. The gaudy costumes dripping with sequins, the flashy rings, the bouffant hair—it has to be Liberman. Crowded around the glittering figure are three others, invisible to the applauding audience. Obscured in black velvet which disappears under the travertine light is a combination of the black-light styles of Japan and Czechoslovakia; they skillfully manipulate the life-size mannequin as it mouths their theme song, *The Impossible Dream*. The hidden performers are Toronto's Famous People Players, a troupe of 12 artists who are chalking up lucrative gigs and rave reviews all over North America, with scarcely a mention of the fact that none of them are mentally handicapped.

When they landed their first ever-Canada tour in an emotional homecoming performance at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre last month, it was no accident that Liberman was among the featured puppet personalities (others included Anne Murray, Barbra Streisand and Elton). He was the one who gave the group its first big break after artistic director and puppeteer Dina Dugay, 52, formed the troupe in 1974. After enduring a barrage of phone calls and letters ("We were almost ready to kidnap him," recalls Dugay), Liberman was so impressed with their audition that he booked them as his opening act in Las Vegas. That led to appearances with es-

trainters like Tony Orlando and Jerry Lewis, their own CBC special, a month this spring as headliners at New York's Radio City Music Hall and even a White House performance.

In addition to its intriguing impersonations of well-known figures, the group has also developed two larger works. *The Sovereign's Apprentice* (first popularized by Walt Disney in *Pontiac and Company*) and *Saint-Saëns' Carnival of the Animals*. Performed with a full symphony orchestra, both are a triumph of blend of wit, manipulation and memory. "The best part," says Dugay, "is that most of our audience don't even realize we're different." Only a small few at the bottom of the program applaud the bears. They all want it that way, especially Dugay, who has the reputation of being a hard but effective taskmaster. It once took the players five months to learn a 15-minute sequence, but in her Anne Sullivan style of working animals, Dugay's goal was to make the players "a professional theatre company—not a therapy project."

Despite hours from corporate and private donations, the company's annual operating budget of about \$130,000 is a source of constant worry. But it gives the Famous People Players a serious kind of comfort: it's a sign that they're no better or worse than other

theatrical groups. "They're overcome their handicaps," says Dugay. "Today, they're professionals." In fact, so professional they even showed up their master. When Liberman tried to cheat backstage at the Las Vegas Hilton before the show, the players remained as implacable as the guards at Buckingham Palace. "You better be quiet, too," one of them warned, "or you'll miss your car some night." Shown by afternoon, Liberman did exactly that.

Terry Paulson

## Putting the stage together again

If there is a lesson for theatre directors, John Neville must surely be approaching it unaided. One of the most prominent intellectual leaders in Canadian theatre, this distinguished actor and successful artistic director has changed the fortunes of Halifax's beleaguered Neptune Theatre, not only rescuing the subscription but from its all-time low but increasing plans. This search is to build a new theatre-art gallery complex on the city's waterfront. It's a radical turnaround for a theatre that was running a deficit of about \$800,000 when Neville was lured away from Edmonton's Citadel Theatre in May, 1978. At the time, Neville vowed he would work the same magic in Halifax as he had in the West, moving the Neptune's home from the 1955 movie theatre it now occupies to a new building—but only after he had solved the problem of attendance.

No one can quite pinpoint why Halifax loves the three subscription plays in the mid-'70s, but one suspicion is that the Neptune's program had become too avant garde. Neville reminded this, bringing back the classics of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Chekhov. Boasting the most successful season in 17 years and having eliminated the deficit to \$400,000, he announced detailed plans for this joint venture with the Nova Scotia Art Gallery, a main auditorium with a seating capacity of 650 and a smaller one for 200—a real improvement over the present location which, although not without charm, lacks proper working space and technical facilities. A committee raising the necessary \$12 million has already begun negotiations with the province and the land is available from a provincial Crown corporation. For Neville, one of the founders of England's Nottingham Playhouse, heir of the Citadel, it will be one more mission to live theatre which he says is "the last refuge for human contact. It is a solace, a cure for loneliness, a gathering together in the name of mankind."

Sue Colborn

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# Seeing and being seen: just fake Venetian glass

By Alan Fotheringham

There was this beautiful tableau, you see, the press held back by the sea. Giorgio Napolitano stood in the Venetian lagoon, Jimmy Carter leaning down as his fancy white tailored suit, which rather resembles a turned-up John Kennedy #7 boat. The other as world leaders at the Venice summit are transported across the weekly grey waters by standard Venetian motor launch, but the white looks better—and more presidential—on color TV. Long before the launch approaches the dock, Carter kick-starts his wave and his grin to the nonexistent public on the security-tinged tide. The world press stares at this strange man waving to nothing. The bulky U.S. Navy craft, of course, is ill-fitted for these close quarters, must the dock, trim to receive and drift sideways across his head, grin and wave still operating, stands with fruses feet like a newsreel, not adjusting to the drift, until finally he is waving to the empty air. One does not know whether to laugh or weep.

The connection between world statecraft and the nation's top of vanity is most intriguing to behold. With a leadership vacuum at the top, we go to pre-emptive submission, plastic smiles with plastic thoughts, conditioned response, Pavlov's proof. As Jimmy Carter, leader of the most powerful and prosperous country in history, emerges from a ceremonial ceremony, he reaches in reflex, his grin to the cameras, for the security hand that is always behind him, that of wife Rosalynn. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt looks down in some surprise, since the president of the United States is holding his head. A head in need is a friend indeed.

There is the elegant Berlusconi, supposedly preening on top of the column of a motor launch on the lagoon. TV cameras can pierce his image with a Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

zoom lens. Pierre Trudeau tries it, but slips and has to settle for a standing pose into the waves while his ministers, second-string on the mosaic, huddle below Washington on the Delaware. Cauter on the Rubicon. Margaret Thatcher, resembling more and more a preserved film star of the *John Wayne* era, sweeps imperiously along a train of thin-lipped and nondescriptly favored British aristocrats in her white Uniqlo of Ealing. It is especially



grinned, haughty, almost vice-regal in attitude (the women, incidentally, claim, why the security-tinged Trudeau and the French president do not get along). The Venice communique, supposedly conceived in two days, in fact was being worked over by bureaucrats as early as March.

In an atmosphere where fewer and fewer men (and finally a woman) spend more and more time arguing to themselves more and more power while becoming more and more secretive—while evicting and resetting the appearance of openness by expelling the zoom lens—what takes the place of the world personalities who hide as a Venetian island? It is instead those who polish and refine and crop at the image. The image is all. Those who can shatter it or control it take on important powers. Here is Barbara Walters one night in the lobby of her hotel which once was a Venetian palace, fuming about flying back to London in the air executive jet because this trip it has

only one pilot. Lesley Stahl, one of the tenth-and-hair generations' aspirants to the crown of Queen Elizabeth, throws a junior tantrum in a journalist's queue, fearful that a hand strap is recording her self-important barking through her walkie-talkie.

Pierre Salinger, once the mouthpiece of Kennedy's Chapter and now with the good life of a Paris resident on his face, waves a beeping microphone toward the presidents and prime ministers yet like

any other reporter—except that \$100,000 plus compensates for the he-milly Carl Bernstein, the other twin from Washington, enjoys the fame of a Bedford or a short Haymolds as he roams his way through the herd of 2,000 reporters with E.W. Apple Jr., the flamboyant young star of New York Times foreign correspondents. Julie Chandler has trouble with his chair stability in Harry's Bar, the Venice saloon (reminded by Hemingway's *Unions Palace*, the most famous (and feared) journalist in the world for her devastating dissections of such as Kennedy, wrangles her 110 pounds in the cattle brenner to appear the show-business gold-digger as they clash into their boats (and television masks).

It is delightful theatre. A staged event, purposely placed as an isolated island for four tantrums (or the public) night intrusion, is a city that is gradually more grounded in the arts than any other, electronic fabrication reaches its peak. At the wrap-up announcement of the long-closed communique, with the seven leaders on world television, all sit with plastic earphones leading to the simultaneous translation. They look faintly ludicrous, those persons who can print the nuclear button resembling students in Berlin—all but one.

Pierre Trudeau sits alone, shivering earphones, that too vintage considering his face, subsiding in all watching that he understands all and does not need to stoop to translation. Brilliant thesaurist in a world of artifice, the man who can keep a straight face the longest without gagging is King.

First, tinge a tall glass of ice with bitters. Next a measure of Black Velvet. Now top with ginger ale and soda. And remember: stored not shaken.

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